Who Else but F... Michael Gold

NEW MASSES

NOVEMBER 2, 19... FIFTEEN CENTS A COPY

The Meat Racket, Inc.

Why Prices Are High and the Packing Trust Is Under Fire Again

By Robert Moore

★

Middletown Today

The Lynds' "Typical City" Goes C.I.O.

By Paul Kelso

Soviet Farming:

A "Utopia" Conquered

Joshua Kunitz

Far East

A Collective Sketch

Election Day and Labor

An Editorial

Some Day the Tape Will Stop

Hyde Partnow

Corliss Lamont

on Walter Lippmann's "The Good Society"

S. W. Gerson

on Jay Franklin's "LaGuardia"

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BETWEEN OURSELVES

BEGINNING with the first issue in December the NEW MASSES will publish a monthly literary supplement, edited by Michael Gold, Horace Gregory, Granville Hicks, and Joshua Kunitz.

The supplement will contain original creative work in prose and poetry, critical essays, literary letters from abroad, studies of literary personalities, and discussions of questions important to the development of Marxist culture. It will seek to provide an outlet for the best of that revolutionary writing against which the pages of bourgeois magazines are more and more being closed. It will be more than a forum; it is hoped to make it a source of inspiration and guidance in the literary field. The need for such a publication has been felt for a long time, and this magazine within a magazine will attempt to meet the need.

The literary supplement will be distinctive in format and bound separately from (but issued together with) the regular magazine. The first appearance of the literary supplement is scheduled for the issue of the NEW MASSES dated December 7, which appears on the newsstands Thursday, December 2.

The regular book-review section of the NEW MASSES is now being conducted jointly by Granville Hicks, Joshua Kunitz, and Samuel Sillen.

What's What

FOUR American composers, Aaron Copland, Roy Harris, Roger Sessions, Bernard Wagenaar, and the well-known conductor, Alfred Wallenstein, form the jury which will judge the winning composition in a contest being held by the Musicians' Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy. The prize will be a performance of the selected work by a full symphony orchestra at Carnegie Hall, New York, in March. In addition, arrangements are being made for recording, publishing, and radio broadcast of the winner. Among the notable sponsors of the Musicians' Committee are Pablo Casals, Samuel Chotzinoff, Olin Downes, Dr. Albert Einstein, Alma Gluck, Leopold Godowsky, Serge Koussevitzky, Erno Rapee, Fritz Reiner, and Efrem Zimbalist. The deadline is midnight, January 15, 1938. For further information address Musicians' Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

The Teachers' Union of New York is sponsoring a play contest, and is offering a fifty-dollar prize for a full-length script on some social theme dealing with the orientation of the professional or white-collar worker. The contest closes January 1, 1938. For details address the Teachers' Union, 114 East 16th Street, New York City.

The Downtown Music School, 68 East 12th Street, New York City, announces that the New Singers, beginning their fourth season under the leadership of Lan Adomian, have become affiliated with the school. Auditions for this group, consisting only of note-readers, will be held every Thursday at 7 p.m. The school further announces the formation of a non-note-reading chorus under the leadership of Frank Ilchuk. This chorus will devote part of each session to the study of notation and sight-singing. Auditions will be held every Monday at 7 p.m.

The New York State Committee of the Communist Party steps out in the role of theatrical producer with the presentation of its first legitimate effort, a mass play entitled *One-Sixth of the Earth,* to be given at Madison Square Garden, Saturday night, November 13, at 8 p.m.

In an effort to acquaint the people of the United States with the facts relating to the invasion of China by the Japanese, the American League Against War & Fascism, New York City division, is preparing a filmstrip dealing with the current events in China. The League asks help, as follows: (a) contributions of photos on China; (b) technical aid by photographers, etc.; (c) financial contributions. All photos and contributions should be sent to Miss B. Kirpich, Cultural Dept., American League, 112 East 19th Street, New York City.

The New York chapter of the League of American Writers will hold its regular membership meeting Friday, October 29, 8 p.m., at P. S. 11, 314 West 21st Street, New York City. At 9 p.m. Ludwig Renn will address the membership, and at that time the meeting will be open to the public.

Contributor James Waterman Wise, associate editor of *People's Press,* founder and former editor of *Opinion,* author of *Swastika: The Nazi Terror* and other works, announces that he and John Perry, formerly of the Macfadden publications' advertising department, have joined in a firm to be known as Perry & Wise, Inc., which will specialize in publicity for trade unions, liberal organizations, and other non-commercial groups.

Max Weber, distinguished artist and national chairman of the American Artists Congress, and Chet La More, president of the Artists' Union, will talk in a symposium held in connection with the exhibition of art instructors' work, which the Teachers' Union of New York is sponsoring at the exhibition gallery of the American Artists' School, 131 West 14th Street, New York City, on Sunday afternoon, November 7, at 2 p.m. Mr. Weber will talk on "Art in a Democracy" and Mr. La More on the "Educational Implications of the Federal Projects Bill."

Watch for these articles next week or later: (1) another article by Robert Moore on the meat situation, this one dealing with the war around the question of whether the trust should be compelled to grade its products for public protection; (2) "Mr. Dooley on Spain," by Michael Gold, in which a famous character in American journalism is worthily resurr[illegible]; (3) Louis B. Boudin and Ea[illegible]der discussing the U. S. G[illegible] on the basis of a comment on [illegible]r. Boudin's recent article—the comment contended that the constitution was a "class" document and not worthy of progressives' full support.

The Newspa[illegible] Guild of New York asks support for a mass labor parade in support of the Brooklyn *Eagle* strikers. The parade will form at Underhill Ave., and Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (near Grand Army Plaza) at 2 p.m., Saturday, October 30.

Readers in and around New York who haven't yet reserved their tickets for the Broadway debut of Anna Sokolow and her dance unit (which is being sponsored by the NEW MASSES), at the Guild Theatre on Sunday evening, November 14, had better act fast. Even the higher-priced seats are disappearing rapidly. See the ad on page 26.

And, of course, everyone within airplaning distance of Webster Hall, that home of famous jamborees, should take out the old datebook and reserve the evening of Friday, December 3, for the annual NEW MASSES ball.

Who's Who

ROBERT MOORE is an economist who has had intimate contact with the meat-packing industry. . . . Paul Kelso is a journalist who has been studying the effects of the new trends in the labor movement. . . . Lawrence Gellert is well known for his *Negro Songs of Protest.* . . . Corliss Lamont is the author of several works in philosophy and on the Soviet Union. . . . S. W. Gerson covers New York politics for the *Daily Worker.* . . . Millen Brand is the author of *The Outward Room,* one of last season's best-selling novels.

Flashbacks

AS Japan reaches out for more far-eastern territory, observers of the Orient recall that Japanese troops were the last of the armies of intervention to withdraw from Siberia, fifteen years ago. They bade au revoir to the natural resources of the Soviet Union October 30, 1922. . . . In the same week (October 26, 1922) Mussolini made his famous march on Rome—in a sleeping car. . . . The war-resisting capacity of the proletariat came dramatically to the world's attention October 28, 1916. On that day Australian labor marched to the polls in a referendum election it had forced the government to hold. A proposed military-conscription law was decisively defeated in spite of terror. . . . A file of trucks bearing delegates of New York's unemployed reached the middle of the bridge across the Hudson to Albany on October 30, 1934. A shrill whistle blew, and in a few seconds police swarmed over the trucks, pulling the occupants out onto the road, beating them, and driving them back to a chilly hillside where those not in the hospital or jail spent the night. "Our city is not open to such elements," explained Commissioner of Safety Cooke, but next day Albany's finest succumbed before a version of the Trojan horse trick. All of the hunger marchers who had been denied entrance to the city were subpœnaed as witnesses in the trials of those who had been arrested.

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Two weeks' notice is required for change of address. Notification direct to us rather than to the post office will give the best results.

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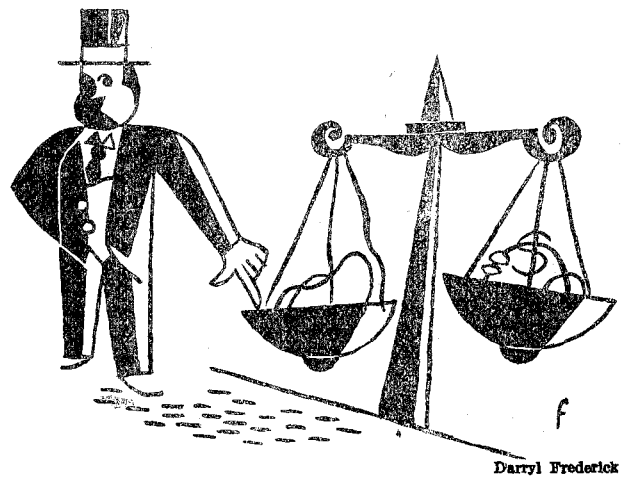
NEW MASSES
NOVEMBER 2, 1937



Darryl Frederick

The Meat Racket, Inc.

The trust is under fire again as prices rise and meat strikes spur government prosecution

By Robert Moore

THE meat trust, whose piratical prices have driven meat consumers and retailers in New York and other eastern cities to open revolt, has earned its just reward. Though it seems certain that the somewhat lower scale of meat prices now prevailisg as a result of vigorous protest by both retailers and consumers will be shoved up as soon as the tumult of battle dies away, numerous investigations of the monopolistic practices of the meat trust are being planned or are well under way. And once the abuses unearthed by these probes are subjected to the white light of publicity, the need for reform legislation will be apparent to all.

Many members of the Federation of Kosher Butchers of New York City, which led the recent onslaught against high meat prices, have charged at meetings and in the press that a deeply-entrenched monopoly exists, and that the willful use of monopoly power by the meat trust is bleeding thousands of retailers and millions of consumers white. That there is general acceptance of these charges is proved not only by the willingness of many unrelated public bodies to undertake city and state investigations but by the sweeping nature of a complaint issued on August 12 by Secretary of Agriculture Henry A. Wallace against the four leading meat packers, or "Big Four," comprising the trust—Armour & Co., Swift & Co., Wilson & Co., and the Cudahy Packing Co. The fact that the complaint also includes the Western Produce Co. and the Amarillo Poultry & Egg Co., said to be subsidiaries of Wilson & Co., as well as the Fort Worth Poultry & Egg Co., said to be a subsidiary of Armour & Co., indicates that the coming inquiry by the government will include dairy and poultry products as well as meat. Hearings in southwest cities are scheduled to be held soon.

There are six counts in the all-embracing complaint issued by the U. S. Department of Agriculture. The most important charges are as follows:

> That the respondents . . . between January 1, 1926, and the date hereof . . . have engaged in a course of business for the purpose, or with the effect, of manipulating or controlling prices at which packer products are purchased in commerce, and of creating a monopoly in the acquisition of, buying, selling, and dealing in packer products, and of restraining commerce. . . .
>
> That between January 1, 1934, and the date hereof, the respondents . . . did conspire, combine, agree, and arrange . . . to apportion territory for carrying on business in commerce, to apportion purchases of various packer products in commerce, and to manipulate and control prices in commerce.
>
> That between August 15, 1921, and the date hereof, respondents . . . agreed expressly and impliedly . . . to apportion . . . the amount of livestock they . . . would purchase throughout the United States, and did further buy competing packing houses in order to reduce or eliminate competition, and to enable them . . . to buy a greater number of livestock without disturbing materially the apportionment of purchases agreed upon between respondents.

The sweeping nature of this complaint, covering as it does a period of more than sixteen years, baldly implies that hardly a single basic reform advised in the epochal report on the meat trust by the Federal Trade Commission in 1919, and submitted to President Wilson in accordance with a congressional resolution, has been written into law, or found to be enforcible within the framework of existing law. The detailed evidence in this voluminous report, including hundreds of documents taken from the files of the packing companies, about nine thousand pages of sworn testimony, and many thousands of pages of field reports submitted by agents of the commission, presented the most conclusive proof of monopoly ever compiled by any anti-trust investigation in the United States, including even that of the Standard Oil Co. In essence, it pictured the meat trust as a gigantic octopus whose goal was the ultimate control of practically every essential food product consumed by the American people.

Significantly, the meat packers named in the 1937 complaint are the same as those which were dealt with in the 1919 Federal Trade Commission report. Likewise, the charges in this latest complaint are essentially the same as those which were brought against the meat trust prior to the 1919 inquiry, and were subsequently found to be true. Though the meat packers flayed by the 1919 government report were five in number, instead of four as now, it must be remembered that one of the five—Morris & Co.—was absorbed by Armour & Co. in 1923, in the face of repeated efforts by the government to head off the merger. The fact that there are now only four major meat packing companies in the United States shows that the lines of industry control are drawn even more sharply than in 1919, when five such concerns comprised the trust.

Since the charges brought by the government in its 1937 complaint so closely duplicate those made prior to the 1919 Federal Trade Commission investigation, the conclusions reached by that body are of more than passing interest to the tens of millions of Americans who are users of meat and its by-products, and meat substitutes. If the many detailed studies and investigations which the U. S. Department of Agriculture and other government departments are periodically conducting

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had not revealed that gross monopolistic practices as sinister as those which existed in 1919 still prevail throughout the meat packing industry, it seems hardly likely that so sweeping a complaint as the one just issued would have been formulated. Government investigators know only too well how extremely difficult it is to establish guilt within the pattern of present anti-trust laws, even when proofs of guilt seem to be incontestable. The batteries of corporation lawyers in the hire of the meat trust and other trusts are so well versed in defensive tactics, and are so familiar with the many loopholes through which a hard-pressed corporation may escape, that the government would hardly undertake an investigation of the meat trust unlikely to establish guilt beyond any reasonable measure of doubt.

For these reasons, the conclusions reached by the Federal Trade Commission in 1919 are particularly pertinent to any discussion of the government inquiry now under way. A few terse paragraphs from the summary of the 1919 report will suffice to show, briefly, what those conclusions were. Said the commission:

The power of the Big Five in the United States has been and is being unfairly and illegally used to: manipulate livestock markets; restrict interstate and international supplies of food; control the price of dressed meats and other foods; defraud both the producers of food and consumers; crush effective competition; secure special privileges from railroads, stockyard companies, and municipalities; and profiteer.

It appears that the five great meat packing concerns of the country—Swift, Armour, Morris, Cudahy, and Wilson—have attained such a dominant position that they control at will the market in which they buy their supplies, and hold the fortunes of their competitors in their hands.

Not only is the business of gathering, preparing, and selling meat products in the their control, but an almost countless number of by-product industries are similarly dominated; and not content with reaching out for mastery in commodities which substitute for meat and its by-products, they have invaded allied industries and even unrelated ones.

The producer of livestock is at the mercy of these five companies because they control the market and the marketing facilities and, to some extent, the rolling stock which transports the product to market.

The competitors of these five concerns are at their mercy because of the control of the market places, storage facilities, and the refrigerator cars for distribution.

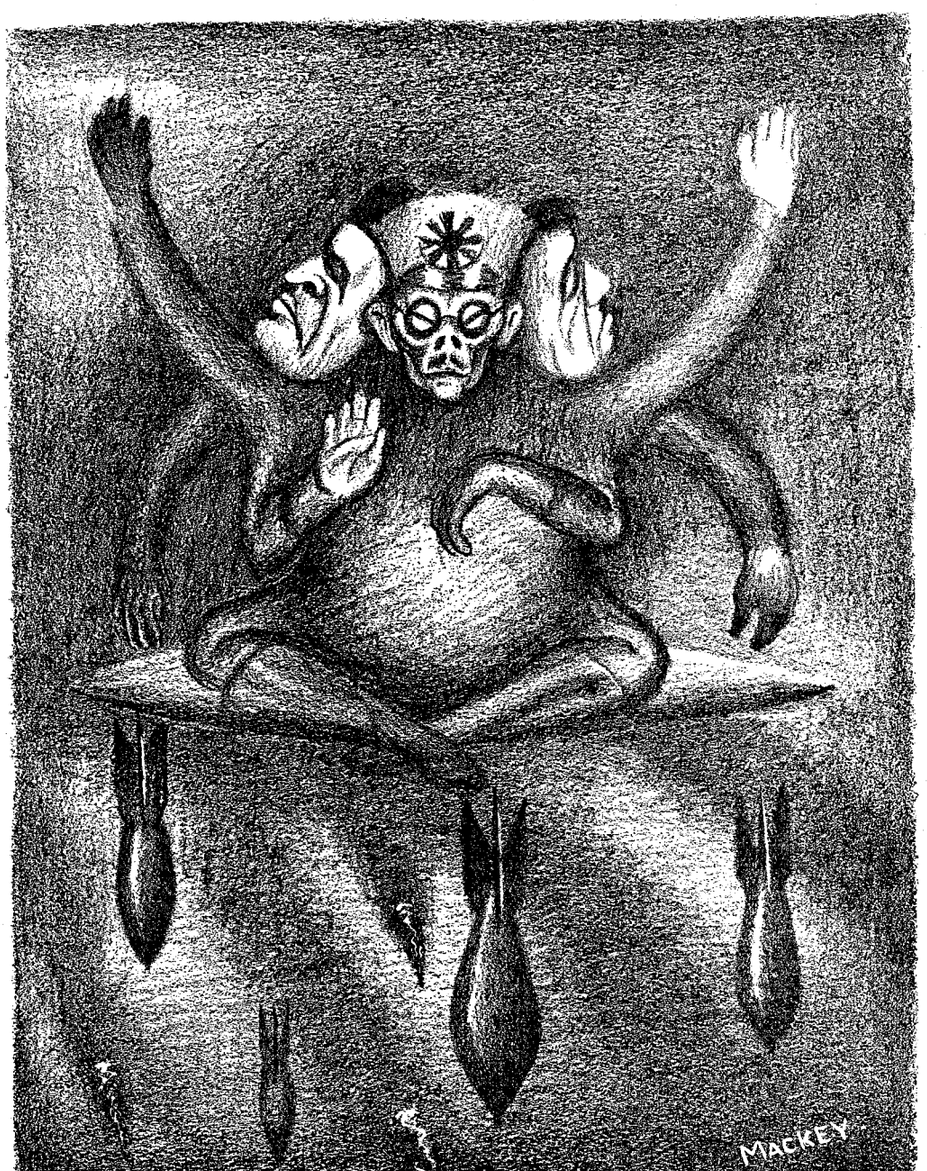
The consumer of meat products is at their mercy because both producer and competitor are helpless to bring relief.

Some show of competition is staged by the five great meat packing companies. It is superficial. There is the natural rivalry of officials and departments, and this is made much of as indicating the existence of real competition. It is not real. How sham it is will be fully set forth in the accompanying summary and the complete reports.

The most satisfactory index of the proportion of the meat industry controlled by the Big Five is the fact that they kill, in round figures, 70 percent of the livestock slaughtered in interstate commerce, including subsidiary and affiliated companies, as follows:

Cattle	82.2%
Calves	76.6%
Hogs	61.2%
Sheep and lambs	86.4%

Control of the fresh meat industry carries with it not only control of all kinds of fresh and preserved meats, but in addition a very great competitive advantage in more than a hundred products and by-products arising in connection with their preparation and manufacture, ranging in importance from hides and oleomargarine to sandpaper and curled hair. In all these lines the Big Five's percentage of control, as compared with those of other slaughterers, is greater than even the percentage of animals killed, because of the fact that many of the small packers are not equipped, or are unable, to utilize their by-products.



Siva the Destroyer — John Mackey

The arrogance with which the meat trust has flouted practically every finding of the Federal Trade Commission outlined in its 1919 report, and has even further extended its tight hold on the purses of millions of families with limited incomes, is a sad commentary on the unwillingness, or inability, of law-making bodies and courts to right a long standing wrong.

No discussion of this great problem so vitally affecting the welfare of 127,000,000 Americans, and millions of other persons overseas, would be complete without a bird's-eye view of the vast empire of commonly used products over which the meat trust rules with an iron hand. The business of the Big Four originally was limited to the slaughter of livestock, and the distribution of meat and animal products and by-products. Since then, however, this little group of powerful corporations, and their affiliates and subsidiaries, has extended its complete or partial control over a long list of such products or raw materials as fertilizers, soaps, glues, hides, leathers, wool, and stock and poultry feeds, and an equally impressive list of meat substitutes, headed by poultry, cheese, butter, eggs, canned milk, and vegetable oil products. Up through the years, the Big Four has gradually extended some measure of control over literally hundreds of products in finished or raw material form.

The big meat packers were first led to manufacture and sell products other than meat, lard, tallow, and hides when science began to find economic uses for animal wastes which,

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"Probably the new Brooklyn 'Eagle' man." Gardner Rea

with the hide, fats, and other offal, amount approximately to 45, 25, and 50 percent, respectively, of the live weight of cattle and calves, hogs, sheep, and lambs slaughtered for food. As time passed, more and more uses for these wastes were ferreted out, and still more efficient methods of converting them into useful products and by-products were discovered.

Today hardly any part of an animal is unutilized, save the moisture lost through evaporation. Certain glands, membranes, tissues, and bone oils are sources of valuable medicinal preparations. Some bones of better quality are converted into knife handles, imitation ivory, buttons, mouthpieces for musical instruments, and novelties; other bones, after yielding their fats, oils, and glue stock, are converted into ground bone, stock and poultry feeds, and fertilizer. The intestines are turned into meat containers, strings for musical instruments, drum snares, and surgeons' ligatures. Hoofs and horns are converted into combs, imitation tortoise shell, novelties and decorations, and fertilizers. Hair bristles are used in the manufacture of brushes, carpet sweepers, coarse felts, cushions, pads, mattresses, horse collars, upholstering, plastering, and fertilizers. Edible fats become lards and ingredients in lard and butter substitutes; inedible fats and oils are made into soap, glycerine, explosives, and illuminating and lubricating oils. Much edible offal is used in special food products, such as fresh, smoked, dried, and cooked sausages, and delicatessen and canned meats. The blood is used for food products, and for the manufacture of albumen, defibrinated blood, blood meal for livestock and poultry feeds, and fertilizers.

Because the Big Four slaughter so large a percentage of all the livestock handled in interstate commerce, their control over these many products and by-products is necessarily great, and in some instances dominant. Many Big Four affiliates and subsidiaries, often of no publicly known relationship to the parent companies, deal primarily with the manufacture and sale of these products and by-products.

When the refrigerator car first came into use in the late 1870's and early 1880's, the Swifts, Armours, and a few other leading meat packers of that time rapidly revolutionized the methods of handling fresh meats by setting up packing houses in the Middle West near the major sources of supply, and shipping fresh beef and other meats under refrigeration to the big industrial centers of the East. Unwilling to put the distribution of these western meats in any other hands than their own, the few big western packers who were pioneering this business began to set up their own branch houses and sales agencies throughout the East. The great economic advantage enjoyed by these leading western packers soon gave them supremacy in the East, and laid the foundation of the vast businesses now owned and operated by their successors, the members of the Big Four.

The monopoly control which these rugged individualists of the 1890's and 1900's sought for their meats and by-products was continually menaced, or rendered ineffective, however, by their lack of control over the main meat substitutes—eggs, poultry, cheese, butter, and table and cooking fats of vegetable and animal-vegetable origin. So, to clinch their control, these apostles of *laissez faire* plunged into the poultry and dairy product business on an extensive scale. In this new venture, they enjoyed pronounced economic advantages over their competitors, large and small. They could assemble their dairy and poultry products in the western centers, ship them in refrigerator cars along with their meats, and handle them with hardly any additional overhead cost through the branch houses and sales agencies maintained for the sale and distribution of meats. And through their ability to influence or control the prices of dairy and poultry products in the chief consuming centers of the country, these packers could largely or entirely control meat prices.

So large an output of poultry, eggs, cheese, and butter was being handled by the meat trust by the time of the World War that the Federal Trade Commission in 1919 made the following significant statement regarding its volume:

> Judged conservatively by trade estimate, the Big Five packers handle at least half of the interstate commerce in eggs and poultry and cheese. The packers also are important factors in the preparation and distribution of condensed and evaporated milk, and are rapidly increasing their proportion.
>
> Swift & Co. is the largest distributor of butter in the United States, handling in 1916, in round figures, 50,000,000 pounds, or nearly as much as the combined sales of the two largest non-packer organizations.

Since then, the members of the Big Four have so increased their sales of poultry and dairy products that hundreds of dairy and poultry plants producing packer products stretch from Ohio to Oregon and from California to Florida.

How those in charge of the Big Four must have chuckled when indignant consumers participating in the New York City meat strike began to use poultry, eggs, cheese, and other meat substitutes in order to bring the meat trust to its knees. For no matter where the consumer turned, there stood the Big Four in a Sherlock Holmes disguise, patiently waiting to gobble up its share of the nickels. If the trust had to take a loss on meat, it could make up at least a part of this loss on the substitutes which the unsuspecting public was buying.

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Far East

The events leading up to the present war are graphically presented in dramatic form

A Collective Sketch

The following script was written collectively by members of Unit S-10, Section 30, Communist Party of New York, composed of persons working in various branches of the theater. To present as clearly and dramatically as possible the events which led up to the present situation in China, the authors have made use of a modified *March of Time* formula without resort to elaborate scenic or sound effects. The script is thus adapted to informal presentation with a minimum of rehearsals by non-professional actors before gatherings of any size. All rights to performance are reserved. Groups wishing to present this sketch must make arrangements through this magazine. Of course, some of the actual conversations given herein are imaginary, but they follow closely the contour of the events they describe. —THE EDITORS.

NARRATOR: With the savagery and intensity of ancient barbarians, imperialist Japan launches attack after attack on semi-colonial China. The western world, bewildered for most part by Japan's so-called "causes of intervention," observes strict neutrality. . . . Actually Japan's present tactic springs from plans forty years old, dating from time of Sino-Japanese War. . . . At a conference of Japanese and Chinese leaders in 1894 . . .

JAPANESE OFFICER: Gentlemen, we Japanese realize that the Chinese armies are near the end of their resources. You have fought bravely against us, but it is evident now that you cannot hope for victory.

CHINESE GENERAL: General, China still has an army; and we will fight until there are no more men alive before we will do anything dishonorable.

JAPANESE OFFICER: The Japanese General Staff has considered this fact. Its terms are generous, allowing honor, even in your defeat.

CHINESE GENERAL: We can best judge when you state your terms. . . .

JAPANESE OFFICER: As reparations, we demand the island of Formosa and the Liaotung Peninsula. We demand, too, the independence of Korea.

CHINESE GENERAL: We, in turn, must demand that you give up, return to us, the Liaotung Peninsula. If you do this, then we shall cede Formosa and acknowledge Korea's independence.

JAPANESE OFFICER: We are in Liaotung to preserve a hard-won peace. We shall not leave. . . .

NARRATOR: Later that year, Japan was *forced* to return the Liaotung area, owing to pressure by Russia, Germany, and France organized as the Triple Alliance. In 1905 at a similar meeting of Japanese and Russian generals to conclude Russo-Japanese war . . .

JAPANESE OFFICER: Our terms for ending hostilities are brief. We demand the city of Port Arthur; we demand Sakhalin; recognition of our paramount interest in Korea; and railroad rights in South Manchuria.

RUSSIAN OFFICER: Port Arthur, yes. The railroad rights, perhaps. But not Sakhalin and no indemnity.

JAPANESE OFFICER: We will accept the southern half of Sakhalin. The indemnity may be unnecessary. For the rest, we remain adamant.

NARRATOR: Russia is forced to accept the terms. Sixteen years after forcing "independence" of Korea upon China, Japan annexes that country in 1910, still more firmly establishing herself in northeastern Asia. In 1915 . . .

REPORTER: (*ticker*) Special to the New York *Times:* Japan, after having seized most of German-dominated Shantung Province, has been forced to return it to China. Her policy of expansion at any cost is brought to an abrupt halt, but only temporarily. Yesterday she presented to the Chinese government a list of grievances and twenty-one demands. Today, from the Chinese Foreign Office . . .

CHINESE FOREIGN OFFICE: We cannot give you an immediate answer.

JAPANESE DIPLOMAT: Satisfactory reply is expected from the Chinese government before 6 o'clock on the afternoon of May 9. If a satisfactory reply is not received at the stipulated time, the imperial government will adopt such measures as it considers necessary. China is but playing for time.

NARRATOR: Meanwhile the British enter the scene. Sir John Jordan, British ambassador to China, advises Minister of Foreign Affairs Lu of China . . .

SIR JOHN JORDAN: The present condition of China is dangerous in the extreme. If China fights Japan, she is sure to suffer catastrophe. To meet the impending situation, there remains only one way, to accept the Japanese demands.

NARRATOR: President Yuan Shih-k'ai remarks to American minister at Peking . . .

YUAN SHIH-K'AI: Japan is going to take advantage of the war to get control of China.

NARRATOR: But President Yuan Shih-k'ai, himself dependent on imperialist support, agrees to fifteen of the twenty-one points. Later, when Yuan Shih-k'ai had been overthrown, the Chinese government repudiated the 1915 treaties because they had been signed under force and never ratified by parliament. Meanwhile, a patriotic Chinese complains . . .

CHINESE: Japan has declared war on Germany. China has also declared war on Germany. Both China and Japan are supposed to be on the same side, fighting with the Allies. But Japan does practically no fighting against Germany and instead invades its ally, China. Obviously, Japan is more interested in crippling and annexing territory of China, presumably an ally, than of Germany, presumably her foe—a tragic paradox.

NARRATOR: Czarist Russia and imperialist Britain had signed secret treaties with Japan in 1917, agreeing to Japanese seizures in China in the event of an allied victory. But at the Peace Conference in Paris . . .

CHINESE DELEGATE: We refuse to sign the treaty of peace because Japan demands a huge portion of China, her ally, who did her no evil but instead also fought against Germany.

NARRATOR: Japan signs separate treaty with Germany getting Chinese territory. But pressure from other sources, especially United States, forces Japan gradually to relinquish hold on Shantung and Siberia, now part of Soviet Union. In 1921, from Washington comes the voice of President Harding . . .

PRESIDENT HARDING: In order to settle all outstanding problems connected with the Pacific and the Far East, the United States invites all interested powers to a conference in Washington for that purpose. . . .

NARRATOR: In the famous Washington Conference, nine powers agree to respect China's territorial integrity and independence as well as the Open Door policy giving all nations equal opportunity to trade with China. . . . But five years later, in Japan, Premier Giichi Tanaka stands in secret audience before his emperor. . . .

EMPEROR: Your plan has possibilities, Tanaka. You say there is silver, iron, and coal in that region?

TANAKA: Yes, Your Imperial Majesty. Antimony, lead, zinc, quicksilver, and copper as well.

EMPEROR: And the land is more fertile than ours? Cotton and rice in abundance? But the rest of your scheme . . . complete conquest . . . ?

TANAKA: It is necessary for our self-protection. Unless Japan pursues a policy of blood and iron, her influence will be negligible on the mainland. But once we conquer China, the way is open for us to go on to

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India, Asia Minor, and even on to Europe.

EMPEROR: But we cannot simply land troops in China. We must have a reason.

TANAKA: We must begin by consolidating our position in Manchuria and Mongolia. From these bases we can later penetrate China by force.

NARRATOR: At home, the Japanese government squelches opposition, suppresses the Communist Party, repeatedly attacks left-wing trade unions. Opium trade in Manchuria is pushed by Japanese military staff. "Peaceful" penetration is crowned by death of Manchurian General Chang Tso-lin. From Mukden, June 4, 1928 . . .

JAPANESE: The Japanese military staff in Manchuria extends its sympathy to the people of that country on the loss of their beloved leader, Chang Tso-lin.

REPORTER: How did Chang die, General?

JAPANESE: He was killed this morning in a train wreck.

SECOND REPORTER: Is it not true that the general met his death under peculiar circumstances?

JAPANESE: I am not at liberty to discuss the matter further. Sorry, gentlemen, the interview is over.

NARRATOR: After causing a train wreck, Japan awaits unrest in Manchurian ruling circles, preparatory to taking over country. But the unrest does not occur. Back home, the peasantry, landless and starving, migrates to the cities. From the north of Japan comes typical report to Department of Agriculture. . . .

JAPANESE: Two thirds of the peasantry of the northern provinces are landless. Their rents are long overdue and absentee landlords have foreclosed on them. We must help if our armies are to be fed.

NARRATOR: Correspondent of sober Manchester (England) *Guardian* goes further. . . .

CORRESPONDENT: Everywhere in Japan one sees old people and children gnawing on roots and gathering horse chestnuts for food. Bark of trees and rotten grain are being used to make a thin unpalatable soup. Riders in trains passing through fields are solicited by young children for their left-over food. . . .

NARRATOR: Japan launches intervention in Manchuria, September 1931. September 1932 sees Manchuria no more, but in its place the puppet state of Manchukuo, with Henry Pu-yi as Japan's mouthpiece emperor. In same period, at home, over six thousand persons are arrested for political offenses. In south of China, Japan strikes at Shanghai.

NEWSBOY: Extra! Extra! Shanghai besieged by Japanese!

SECOND NEWSBOY: Nineteenth Route Army defending Shanghai! Extra!

JAPANESE: (ticker sounding) To the General Staff, Tokyo. We will take Shanghai within a short time. Defenses are weak; siege in no danger of being lifted. Our losses will be very small; signed General Headquarters, Shanghai Expeditionary Force.

CHINESE: Hello, operator; this is the Chinese General Headquarters in Shanghai. Get me Chiang Kai-shek in Nanking. (*pause*) General, this is the Commander of the Nineteenth Route Army. If we are to hold on, we must have reinforcements at once.

CHIANG: We cannot send reinforcements due to the fact that we have dispersed our forces to fight Communists and the northern war-lords. Hold on as long as possible. Do not take offensive. We are protesting to Tokyo and will keep in touch with you as long as possible. (*ticker*) To Japanese Foreign Office, Tokyo. China demands instant withdrawal of troops active in Shanghai area. Signed, Chiang Kai-shek.

JAPANESE FOREIGN OFFICE: (*ticker sounding*) To Chiang Kai-shek, Nanking. Japanese troops entered Shanghai early this morning. We will withdraw them only on condition that your troops be moved out and that we govern the territory in order to assure our own safety.

NARRATOR: Nanking accepts Tokyo's terms. Contrasting sharply with defeatism of Kuomintang, Central Committee of Chinese Communist Party says . . .

COMMITTEE: We urge again the formation of a united-front organization against Japan. Our platform consists of only one point: freedom from the yoke of Japanese imperialism. Every person in China should be in this movement. Shanghai Communists have aided the famous Nineteenth Route Army. Our armies must fight side by side to rid us of the Japanese. Build the anti-Japanese united front.

NARRATOR: March 27, 1933. Japan's delegate to the League of Nations speaks. . . .

JAPANESE: Mr. President.

PRESIDENT: The delegate from Japan.

JAPANESE: At five o'clock yesterday afternoon, my government instructed me to withdraw from the League of Nations Assembly. I should like to be excused from attending this session.

John Mackey

NARRATOR: Almost immediately after Japan's withdrawal from League, headline news comes from Tangku, China. . . .

NEWS COMMENTATOR: This is station WXYZ. May 31, 1933. Today's headline news. At Tangku, China, a truce was signed between the Japanese and Chinese forces, bringing to an end three years of war. Beyond the fact that it creates a demilitarized zone in Hopei, and that there are many secret provisions granting Japan extensive "rights," little is known. For further details, see your local newspaper.

NARRATOR: Meanwhile, Japanese penetration of China continues unopposed. An ordinance passed by the Kuomintang, at insistence of Chiang Kai-shek, prohibits boycott of Japanese persons, products, or press. In December, to Japan, the U.S.S.R. sells Chinese Eastern Railway to avoid dangerous incidents. In December also, Japan denounces Washington Naval Parity Conference, begins building ships. Great Britain and United States follow suit. Nanking at this time sees cabinet addressed by Chiang Kai-shek. . . .

CHIANG KAI-SHEK: I call to your attention the resistance of our war-lords to the Tangku truce. In effect it amounts to disregard of our foreign policy. Gentlemen, this must be stopped. We cannot attack Japan; we must not boycott her. It is of the utmost importance that we carry out this policy. To that end, the Kuomintang government will not undertake the defense of Chahar. We cannot release forces from those fighting the Communists and the northern war-lords.

NARRATOR: From 1933 to 1935, the geography of the eastern world changes rapidly. In Okada University, Japan, instructor lectures on army's advance in China. . . .

INSTRUCTOR: This month of June 1935 will go down in Japanese history as a date long to be remembered. In January, we were in Chahar and entering Eastern Mongolia. Shortly, we completely controlled Eastern Mongolia and were advancing into Inner Mongolia. Gentlemen, today we are in possession of those states, near the Outer Mongolian border, near those peoples sympathetic with the Communist theory, whom we will crush and destroy. We have entered Hopei, with the retreat of Chiang Kai-shek. We will now go on; we will have military observers permanently residing in Outer Mongolia; we will increase our war budgets against the Soviets. Look well at that map, for the next time you look still more of it will be under the benevolent protectorship of our Rising Sun flag.

NARRATOR: September 1936, Nanking. In halls of the Legislative Council, the discussion centers on a letter from Communist Central Committee. Shortly after the meeting is called to order, the letter is read. . . .

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READER: Friends, we wish to remind you of certain events that have come to pass; and to ask a complete cessation of interracine warfare. Less than a year ago, our comrade, Wang Ming, appealed at the Seventh Congress of the Communist International for help in building a united front against the Japanese. This front of all peoples and groups in China was to stop internal fighting, and take up arms against Japan. We felt at that time, and feel still more strongly now that the time is ripe for such a move. Just a short time ago, the Kuomintang government was faced with a revolt in the Kwantung - Kwengsi area to bring about a change in foreign policy. Pressure was brought to bear by the students, the working class, and by organizations, and you settled the revolt by arbitration, not by force.

Fletcher Martin

Since then you have flatly refused Japan's demands. You now say you are willing to fight. But you cannot fight; your forces are dispersed, fighting the war lords and our party. When this civil war ends, we will be able to fight effectively against Japan, and it is to that end that we address you now.

NARRATOR: Legislative Council session ends in uproar, with no action taken on Communist proposal. December 1936 finds Chiang Kai-shek in Sian, five hundred and seventy miles west of Nanking. Northern armies of Kuomintang hold Chiang, and bring him to corps headquarters. . . .

CHANG HSUEH-LIANG: General Chiang Kai-shek, we have brought you here to listen to what you have to say. We feel that you have consistently misled us and that there is no prospect of driving the Japanese from this country while you continue your policy.

CHIANG: Perhaps I have been wrong, perhaps it is now necessary to change my tactics. Last June, you reminded me of Kwangtung-Kwengsi, which I settled by arbitration and not by force. Can I not continue this policy now? If your proposals are within reason, I will consider them.

CHANG HSUEH-LIANG: General, we must demand a reorganization of the Kuomintang and the Legislative Council to eliminate pro-Japanese elements. We propose the release of political prisoners and the end of suppression of our Communist brothers and sisters.

CHIANG: There must be concessions on both sides. We require the abolition of the Chinese Red Army as an independent unit.

NARRATOR: The Chinese Communists immediately pledge their complete coöperation. They change the name of the Soviet government to Special Administrative District under Nanking with Mao Tse-tung as governor. The Red Army is now called the Eighth Route Army with Chu Teh as commander-in-chief. Mao Tse-tung speaks to Communist leaders in Yenan. . . .

MAO TSE-TUNG: We propose the fundamental slogans of "For the anti-Japanese national united front!" and "For the unified democratic republic!" We advance the mobilization slogans: "For the realization of the war of resistance!" "For democracy!" "For the cessation of civil war!"

NARRATOR: The Sian incident results in a definite step toward unity. First six months of 1937—quiet. Then . . .

REPORTER: (*ticker*) To the Associated Press. Peiping, July 7. In this demilitarized zone, Japanese troops have been maneuvering illegally. Today they have sent men into Loukuchiao, a few miles southwest of here, searching for a soldier they claim is held captive in that town. They were fired on at the Marco Polo Bridge. Japanese officials announce that action will be taken.

NARRATOR: Japan sends troops. Captures Peiping, seeks entry to south.

REPORTER: (*ticker*) To Trans-Radio News. Shanghai, August 9. In attempting to enter the Hungjao airport today, a Japanese navy officer and his driver were killed by the Chinese sentry. Japanese officials announce that action will be taken.

NARRATOR: Swift action taken. By October 1, Foreign Affairs Secretary is able to announce . . .

JAPANESE SECRETARY OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS: Together with the War Department, we wish to announce that the last two months have seen notable advances made in connection with our Chinese campaign. From small beginnings near Peiping and Shanghai we have moved on, following the railroads, until today we are in Hopei, Shensi, Suiyuan, Chahar, and Shantung, well on our way to the Yellow River. Of course, we should be much further advanced. But, because of Chinese ignorance of military tactics, they do not retreat at the proper time (*pause*). We have here another protest from Great Britain.

NARRATOR: British Labor Party leaders at Bournemouth Conference, October 3 say . . .

BRITISH LABOR: We have passed a resolution demanding the speedy reconvening of Parliament. We wish it to consider action to put a speedy end to Japan's shameful outrages against humanity. We demand that His Majesty's government prohibit his citizens from selling war materials and lending money to Japan. We demand it coöperate with the League of Nations and the United States in imposing economic and financial pressure to end Japanese aggression.

NARRATOR: From Germany oppressed by war-hungry dictator, monomaniac Adolf Hitler, comes official announcement. . . .

GERMANY: We recognize Japan as one of the countries which has suffered unjustly since the World War. We justify its attempts to save itself from Communism and support it wholeheartedly.

NARRATOR: Similar announcements from fascist-ridden Italy advise support, regret inability to send military aid. In United States support of China rallies from all sides. At Babson Conference, Wellesley, Mass., business leaders hear Dr. Tehyi Hsieh, Chinese author, plead for arbitration and boycott of Japan. Roger Babson presiding. . . .

BABSON: I should like to put Dr. Hsieh's proposal of boycotting Japan to a vote. All those in favor say "Aye."

NARRATOR: By an almost unanimous vote, several hundred conservative American businessmen support China. Says Nicholas Murray Butler, president of the Carnegie International Peace Foundation, on radio station WABC . . .

BUTLER: Among civilized people, the obligations of a contract are looked upon as sacred. If this is true between individuals, how much more true it must be between governments. Yet today we look helplessly on governmental assassination of the Chinese people by Japanese invaders bearing the flag of a nation which has agreed with eight others to maintain and uphold the territorial integrity of China. And the treaty in question has no provision for punishment of the aggressor nations. Can anything be more monstrous than that? The choice today is between world ruin or a rule of moral principles.

NARRATOR: Even more condemnatory is the attitude of American labor. Rank-and-file members of the C.I.O. and A. F. of L. this week, following the decisions of both organizations in convention and conference, say . . .

UNION SPEAKER: Brothers and sisters! With the growing millions throughout the world, we must support the slogan "Boycott Japan." There are many reasons why we should not buy Japanese goods. First, the United States is Japan's best customer. A boycott here would hit Japan hardest in an economic way. Secondly, it would prevent Japan from getting a large portion of its war materials. Thirdly, it would force the collapse of Japanese finance. In Japan our trade union movement is weak, weakened by the continued attacks of the Japanese fascist cabinet. Stop buying silk, cotton, canned sea foods, potteries, toys, brushes, and so on, unless you are sure that they are domestic articles. Look for the mark "Made in Japan" on an article, then pass it up. Be sure, too, that the raw materials in a finished product do not originate in Japan. In the midst of our own problems, we must bear in mind that our position will be strengthened by actively supporting the Japanese boycott. With increasing momentum the opposition to Japan grows; public opinion condemns Tokyo; the boycott begins to take effect. Further action must be carried on; it must be continuous, from now on, until the defeat of Japanese fascism. The Nine-Power Treaty must be given teeth. The Kellogg-Briand pact must be enforced. Let's get going!

ALL: Boycott Japan!

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Middletown Today

The "typical American city" of the Lynds' famous study is sloughing off its traditional individualism and going C.I.O.

By Paul Kelso

WHEN labor in Muncie, Ind., the typical American city of the Lynds' *Middletown,* shows signs of sloughing off its traditional individualism for collective action, it is something for progressives to note. For if Muncie even approximates the "typical American city," what goes on there is of more than passing significance to the whole nation. And Middletown's labor is definitely overcoming the hookworm of individualism and the chills and fevers of the 100-percent Americanism preached by the propertied classes and their prophet, the Liberty League. Under the banner of the C.I.O., it is organizing into militant industrial unions that are making a valiant effort to obtain fatter pay checks and better working conditions.

Organized labor's new strength was revealed in the mass Labor Day demonstration, Middletown's first in nineteen years. The city mayor and the circuit court judge took part in the program. It proved that politicians, weather vanes of current trends, have heard the tremor of marching feet, in unison at last, and are scrambling aboard the labor bandwagon.

Middletown labor is definitely awakening, and the individualism it brought from the farms of the hinterland is vanishing in the face of the urgent necessity for a united labor front. Today labor in Middletown is far from its inert position of two years ago. In the spring of 1935 labor organization was at the lowest point in years. The N.R.A. had stimulated a brief spurt in organization, but internecine disputes between industrial and craft unions, and among the leaders of the two groups, coupled with the ruthless attack on the movement by industrialists, spread confusion in the ranks of labor. Only sixteen unions, embracing a scant 500 members, existed in Muncie in 1935. Depression and the disappointments following in the wake of the N.R.A. seemingly had struck disastrous blows at unionism, leaving it exhausted for years to come.

No wonder the Lynds, in *Middletown in Transition,* were prompted to write, in light of available data, that labor in Muncie's automotive and glass industries probably would lack both the fortitude and leadership to challenge seriously the dominance of the reigning industrialists in the near future. As the Lynds saw it then, and justifiably so, the labor movement, if and when it reached Middletown, would be the backwash of a more virile trend in the larger industrial centers. Thus in 1935 they could envision only a dark outlook for organized labor in the nation's so-called typical American city.

But if they returned today, they would find that the eastern Indiana farm boys and the hill folk from Tennessee—the 100-percent Americans, if you please—have exchanged their one-time individualism for membership cards in growing and lusty industrial unions. Membership in these groups, according to the leaders, now totals approximately six thousand men and women. A. F. of L. unions, more numerous than in 1935, have increased their rolls to approximately two thousand and five hundred, a gain whose merit is qualified by the fact that bosses are prone to regard the A. F. of L. as a lesser evil than the C.I.O.

What is responsible for this sudden, almost overnight change from the apathy of 1935 to the militancy of today's labor in Middletown? Undoubtedly the sweeping victory of President Roosevelt in 1936 revived the flagging spirits of the workers, who remember the chief executive's radio broadsides assailing the economic royalists and upholding the rights of the workers to a greater share in the good things of America. The Supreme Court decisions upholding the Wagner Act further encouraged them to turn to collective action for a greater share of industry's profits. In his daily newspapers the worker read about the struggles of his fellows in other cities, struggles often ending in higher wages and better working conditions. As a consequence, he became dissatisfied with the low wages charac-

Colin

"As soon as you've typed these letters, Miss Squirm, and rearranged our files from A to M inclusive, checked and rechecked discrepancies in this month's billings, unpacked these shipments, and straightened up the office, you may take the afternoon off, if you've cleared up today's mail. . . . And as you go through the picket line, yell 'Phooey!' "

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terized by the Lynds as Middletown's chief asset in the national industrial market, and resolved to translate his unrest into action.

It was in February 1937 that workers took the first positive step toward industrial unionization. Workers at the Warner Gear Co., a division of the Borg-Warner Corp., notorious for low wages and general exploitation of employees, mustered courage to send a delegation to Anderson, then the United Auto Workers' headquarters in eastern Indiana, to petition for an organizer. Elmer Davis, twenty-six-year-old organizer (who became conscious of the needs of labor while working in the Baker-Rauling shops at Cleveland and who has the distinction of having been fired from the Briggs Manufacturing Co. at Detroit in 1934 for union activity) answered the call.

His first act was to confer with the city mayor and police chief, who previously had been enthusiastic proponents of the idea that the police exist for the protection of vested interests. The police department more than once had placed organizers, known locally as "outside agitators," under "protective" arrest until they could be unceremoniously put on the next train from town. But this time, sensitive to the growing strength of labor, and with a primary election only a year distant, they pledged a policy of neutrality as between labor and capital. That was enough for Davis who immediately began an active recruiting campaign.

Despite a vicious program of intimidation and discrimination by class-minded officials of local industry, the U.A.W.A. chartered five locals, four with memberships running into the hundreds, and obtained a contract calling for substantial wage increases and better working conditions at the Warner Gear Co. At the time of this writing, the U.A.W.A. is negotiating for contracts for the other four locals.

In addition to the U.A.W.A. locals, the C.I.O. has formed a United Cutlery Workers' local, and a local has been organized at a steel and wire factory under the ægis of the Steel Workers' Organizing Committee. Water-company employees have been combined with one of the smaller U.A.W.A. locals, presumably on the theory that much of the water they filter goes into automobile radiators.

A majority of the editorial workers on one of the Middletown newspapers have been chartered as an American Newspaper Guild local. And they are employed by the newspaper which the Lynds, in *Middletown in Transition,* said had made little progress since 1925.

Sixty-two employees of the city park and street departments have tested the sincerity of the mayor's stand by organizing as a C.I.O. local. To date the mayor has been eloquently silent on the matter.

To counter the C.I.O. thrust, bosses are employing tactics that range from intimidation to the outright discharge of key union men. The threat, "We'll move our plants from the city," has been one method of intimidation in common use. However, the manager of the Muncie Chevrolet division of General Motors retracted this threat when he announced several weeks ago that plant facilities were being enlarged for an increased production schedule. Until this announcement the threat had carried weight, for the workers remembered the dark days in 1933 following the removal of the plant from the city. It was returned during the G.M.C. strike at Toledo, O., in the spring of 1935.

Industrialists also are embracing the once hated A. F. of L., using it to block the more effective industrial unions. The Ball brothers, manufacturers of mason jars and "beverage bottles," whose control of Middletown has earned them the title of "feudal barons," welcomed the Green Glass Bottle Blowers' Association and the Flint Glass Workers' Association, both A. F. of L. affiliates. They have closed-shop agreements with the unions. A growing awareness that the A. F. of L. unions are little more than disguised company unions is driving workers to press Davis for an industrial group to represent their interests, not the management's. At the Acme-Lees division of the John Serrick Corp., the International Machinists' Union, another A. F. of L. affiliate, provoked U.A.W.A. workers to strike by refusing consent to a National Labor Relations Board election. The U.A.W.A. local at Acme-Lees charged the company with collusion with the A. F. of L., and supported its accusation by more than a score of notarized affidavits from workers approached by petty functionaries in behalf of the A. F. of L. The strike ended when Judge L. A. Guthrie of the Delaware Circuit Court, hearing the company's petition for a temporary restraining order, proposed a truce which both sides accepted. The company agreed to recognize the U.A.W.A. as the bargaining agency for its own members and to abide by the results of a Labor Board election. This victory would seem to signalize the advent of a significant new era in the life of Middletown.

Woodcut by Dan Rico

★ ★ ★

Georgia Chain Gangs

Atlanta, Ga., August 7.—Governor E. D. Rivers ordered the state legal department to evoke the "full faith and credit" clause of the federal constitution to compel other states to extradite fugitives from Georgia chain gangs.—*News item.*

Please Bossman tell me what has I done
How come you lock me 'way from the light of the sun
Oh Lawd
Ain' no standin' place heah no set or lay me down
Double iron shackles from mah head on down to the groun'
Oh Lawd
Locked in mah coffin long afo' mah time
Great God a mercy, ain' commit no hangin' crime
Oh Lawd
Jerge gi' me short time sentence, thirty days an' five
Ain' heah 'em sayin' nothin' 'bout no buryin' me 'live
Oh Lawd

Ast mean old Captain, could he stan' to see me cry
He say you low down nigger ruther see you die
Oh Lawd
That's all right, Mister Captain, that's all right fo' you
I'm under yo' arrest, anything you say I must do
Oh Lawd
Please cool kind Captain, drink of water afo' I choke
He say go ast old Devil, hell's fire yo' gonta stoke
Oh Lawd
Po' nigger in the graveyard, where he never wake up
Captain in the barroom drinkin' out of silver cup
Oh Lawd

LAWRENCE GELLERT.

(From a forthcoming book of songs of southern chain gangs)

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Who Are the Foreigners?

The assimilation process, plus changes in the social scene, have resulted in a new kind of differentiation

By Michael Gold

ONCE upon a time there was a controversy in the old MASSES. It concerned the immigrants in America. "Major" Rupert Hughes, the big Cinderella author and company-union man, started it all, as I remember. The "major" (I put it in quotes, because he earned the title, I believe, for pounding a busy typewriter in the atrocity plants during the war) demanded very pathetically that New York get itself a state police force, like the beautiful Cossacks of Pennsylvania.

His reason was that road laborers and section gangs in the badly policed upper New York State regions were in the main Italians. Italians, he vibrated, are a menace to virginhood, as everyone knows. Rural American womanhood needs protection against the Italian rapists, he cried.

During the heyday of gangsterism and prosperity in America, many worthy Kluxers of the Hughes caliber also blamed the tidal wave of boom racketeering on the "furriners." But Dillinger, Pretty Boy Floyd, and dozens of our most brilliant outlaws have been of the purest Anglo-Saxon ancestry. The syndicate behind Al Capone was made up of businessmen of the finest Mayflower stock. The majority of Americans in jail have always been of the superior strain of blood. But the diehards brushed such facts aside. When an Italian or Jewish gangster became too spectacular, they immediately called for the wholesale deportation of fifty million immigrants and their sons. That was their simple plan for saving Americans from murder, rape, machine politics, slums, low wages, strikes, and Jesse James.

Sacco and Vanzetti were murdered by this prejudice. Leo Frank was lynched by it. It is still going strong and bringing mental suffering and financial and social loss to armies of American Swedes, Germans, Jews, Catholics, Armenians, Italians, Russians, Poles, Greeks, and all the rest of the vulgar Americans who missed the proper boat.

I think I can see signs of change, however. The other day a little old Caspar Milquetoast, a bespectacled department-store clerk with a prim mouth and the faint odor of bluenose decay about him, whispered to me: "Yes, sir, I believe I'm going to vote for LaGuardia even if he is an Eyetalian."

This was a revolutionary step for the little man to take. From the Landon and Klux belt, William Allen White has already announced his belief that LaGuardia is his choice for President in 1940. Who ever heard of such a thing before? An old-fashioned Kansas Republican breathing the heresy that a Yiddisher Wop be made President? The country is either going to the dogs, or it is entering some new dispensation.

In the South, the Ku-Klux Klan has sunk to a pretty feeble minor racket. The South is changing with the rest of America. The Klan was built on hatred for "furriners" and Negroes. It blamed the outlanders, a la Hitler, for all its poverty and misery. This demagogy is what really established the Klan which claimed to have a cure for a rotten social system. Thousands of proletarians were lured into the Klan because this hope was held out to them. Today, the Klan is certainly less of a political power than the trade unions. The southern people are beginning to find the true causes of poverty. Today they are working side by side with Negroes in trade unions. And there are hundreds of devoted Communists who were former members of the Klan.

I can note signs of change even in the sporting world, which is where you touch the real American mob. When I was growing up, every earnest boy on the East Side aspired to be either a dentist or a prize-fighter. I wanted to be a fighter, though I never did make the grade. But I remember that in my secret meditations I had already picked out a fine Irish ring-name for myself: Young Sullivan. No Jewish or Italian lad entered the ring under his own name.

Today the sports world is crowded with naked and unashamed "furriners." In the ring there are champs named Garcia, Ambers, and Escobar. Baseball now has its Lazzeris, Gehrigs, and Greenbergs. Football has such national heroes as Granski, Wojciechowicz, Kochel, Jacunski, Benny Friedman, Marshall Goldberg, Daddio, Stapulis, and the like. Golf is overrun with young Italian champions. Wrestling was always a game given over to phony Turks and hairy Rooshians, so we won't discuss it. But even ice hockey has been having its Sylvio Manthas, and in the rodeo game I notice that Jack Kirscher, a Jew from Blackfoot, Idaho, won third in the finals of the cowboys' steer wrestling contest, at Madison Square Garden, the rodeo of the year.

The grand variety of races in America are being merged into an indistinguishable new mixture in the sports world, which is as good a place as any for the process. The fans now take such names as Lazzeri, Goldberg, and Wojciechowicz in their stride. When I was a kid there were race riots in many cities and quite a number of deaths when dark-skinned Jack Johnson beat white Jim Jeffries for the heavyweight championship. But when the same situation was duplicated and brown Joe Louis beat white Jim Braddock some months ago, there seemed to be no hard feelings.

I don't want to minimize the amount of race prejudice that still exists; every new lynching would rise to mock such optimism. The Jewish-owned department stores of New York still are anti-Semitic in their hiring policy. Hollywood movies no longer make their villains dark and Latin. But when crimes are committed in America, the cops still are suspicious of any dark foreigner.

The old provincial prejudices operate in modern America, but it would be bad politics not to realize that, like the British empire, they are slipping. America is taking form as a nation at last; the Civil War of racial prejudice is slowly being healed. Class lines are taking the place of the old race and sectional lines. There will be Italians voting both for and against LaGuardia (who, by the way, is not another Abe Lincoln, as William Allen White maintains). These Italians will be divided over LaGuardia as fascists and anti-fascists, not as Italians. There are Catholics and Jews who are for and against Roosevelt. The Catholic Church can no longer deliver a solid racial and religious vote. Proletarian Catholics vote for progressives like Roosevelt and LaGuardia, despite Al Smith, Raskob, and the other hierarchs of Spain and America. Proletarian Jews fight Paul Block, Louis B. Mayer, Herbert Fleischhacker, and such Jewish Nazis as bitterly as they fight Hitler.

We are entering a new period in the history of the American melting pot. Immigration has stopped, for one thing, and assimilation has begun. A bigger factor, however, is the great social change going on in America, a process that inevitably lines up the poor against the money-bags, the trade unionists against the exploiters, the men who battle for human rights against those who fight for property rights. Race lines vanish in such a conflict; the class issue cuts through everything. Even the Negro question is affected and will finally be settled as this fight goes on; and this question is surely the touchstone of all racial problems in America.

Even Major Rupert Hughes has been affected. I would bet a sour persimmon that he could not today write that all Italians are rapists. He may not like the Italian proletarians any better than he did twenty years ago, but I am sure he wouldn't want to hurt the feelings of his fellow company unionist, Mussolini. There is a real rapist the "major" doubtless adores.

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William Gropper

THE EIGHTH ROUTE ROUND-UP

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★

More Jobless, Less Relief

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has chosen this singularly unconvincing moment to announce that a return of prosperity enabled the government to "more and more narrow the circle of its relief activities." For there can be no doubt that the three-month decline in business has reduced payrolls and added thousands to the ranks of the unemployed. Even with industry at its mid-August levels, the pump needed priming. The need is greater today, as this significant passage from the New York *Times* financial columns indicates:

> It is to be noted that some of those who were most outspoken for government economy are now expressing anxiety over the savings which the President is now insisting upon in Federal financing and relief. Winding up the R.F.C. and the P.W.A. is action that was widely advocated but does not now seem so appealing.

Certainly nothing can be plainer than that only immediate government action can offset the effect of the slump. Whether large or small, the current increase of unemployment will be reflected in a still lower volume of business unless the administration takes steps to provide new mass purchasing power. The employers have never accepted the proposition that labor is the people and that their wage-price policies run counter to the general welfare. From time to time Mr. Roosevelt has seemed to be aware of this congenital business blind spot. The new emergency gives him an excellent chance to act upon that knowledge.

As the Scene Darkens

THE stock market's spectacular decline seems to have given place to a period of painful uncertainty, with indeterminate ups and downs. Various explanations are being offered. Reactionaries blame the New Deal; some Roosevelt sympathizers regard the break as the culmination of unsuccessful efforts to discredit the administration; and the S.E.C. is scrutinizing short sales that may have been engineered to smash the market. It is tempting to label the collapse a Wall Street conspiracy, but it is doubtful if bear raids did more than unsettle a market already jittery over the business picture.

The picture continues to darken. The *Times* index fell again in the week ending October 16. It is 2.1 points below that of a year ago. Steel ingot production "surprised" financial circles by dropping to 56 percent of capacity. Now twenty-eight points under its August high, the operating rate for this bellwether industry is lower than it has been for eighteen months. Cotton-mill activity and freight-car loadings are also off. With both consumer items and production goods slipping, it would take a bold prophet to say when and where the decline will end.

No crystal gazing is required, however, to predict one sure effect of the crash—our economic royalists will make it the point of departure for a fresh campaign against labor. The *Annalist,* for instance, reports that, "The result of over-enthusiastic attempts to increase wages is now becoming visible in the form of increased unemployment. The goal of balanced price-relationship moves further into the distance as government control of wages and prices moves nearer." It is almost certain that some kind of wages-and-hours bill will be passed at this special session of Congress, and it is obvious that the tories will apply heavy pressure to keep "40-40" from further upsetting the "balanced price-relationship" that has kept one third of the nation "ill clothed, ill housed, and ill fed."

"Mutiny" on the Algic

THE Maritime Commission is holding hearings in Baltimore on a so-called mutiny aboard the *S.S. Algic,* its crew now being under arrest. The event took place September 9 in the harbor of Montevideo, Uruguay. A longshoremen's strike was in progress and the *Algic's* crew refused to work the ship, because of the hazardous conditions growing out of the strike ashore.

The New York Maritime Council states:

> Power launches filled with striking longshoremen circled the *Algic* when she dropped anchor, and the occupants hurled threats of bodily harm not only at the strike-breaking dockworkers but at crew members. For the safety of the crew, it was apparent that the winches being operated by incompetent "stevedores" in insufficient numbers should be stopped. The circumstances necessitated a hastily called crew meeting. It was voted that it was only common sense for the crew to stop.

When the master of the *Algic* reported this refusal to the Maritime Commission, that body immediately issued the following order: "Instruct crew to proceed with your lawful orders. If they still refuse, warn crew that all still refusing to perform duty will be placed in irons and prosecuted to the full extent of the law on return to the United States."

The *Algic* docked at Baltimore October 20 and the Hearst press scareheaded the "mutiny" story. The federal statute defining mutiny was passed in 1790. One who "unlawfully, and with force or by fraud usurps the command of such vessel from the master" is guilty of mutiny. But is a strike, when a vessel is in harbor, mutiny? In June 1934 the crew of the *Texan,* moored in Brooklyn, went on strike in sympathy with West Coast seamen. They were tried, and in October 1935 the U. S. Supreme Court upheld the decision of the U.S. District Court that mutiny was not established. Perfectly aware of this ruling, and knowing that the *Algic,* though government-owned, was operated by the American Republics Line in ordinary competitive trade, chairman Kennedy nevertheless ordered the men into irons and seems bent on proving them mutineers. Government subsidies are thus being made a pretext for establishing an open-shop, strikebreaking policy for the American merchant marine.

A London-Rome Axis?

GIJON falls but the Non-Intervention Committee goes on. There is more than a coincidence at work here. The committee, after a slumber of several months, sounded off again last week under circumstances which indicate that Great Britain may have come to terms with Mussolini and Franco. Some observers have expressed the belief that Chamberlain has arrived at a definite understanding with Italy, which would give Spanish fascists belligerent rights. Last week's proceedings in the committee would go far to confirm this.

To get the real meaning of the committee's revival, it is necessary to keep in mind the sequence of events. Back in July Britain proposed that both sides in Spain agree to token withdrawal of foreign volunteers, appointment of an international commission to determine the number of volunteers on both sides, and the gradual withdrawal of all volunteers in return for belligerent rights to the rebels. Mussolini refused. The British then participated in speedy and effective collective action against Italian piracy at the Nyon conference to give the Italian dictator something to think about.

After Mussolini had time to digest the Nyon proceedings, Great Britain and France proposed a three-power conference on the volunteer question again. Mussolini again refused, but this time countered with his own proposal, to send the issue back to the Non-Intervention Committee. The British

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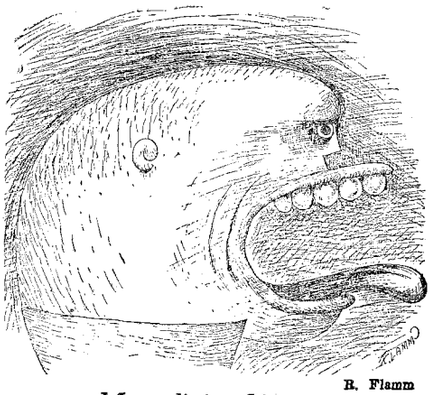
and French, seemingly disturbed by their success at Nyon, agreed. It is no secret that the basis of Chamberlain's foreign policy is a British understanding with the fascist powers—at somebody else's, anybody else's but Britain's, expense.

Mussolini took advantage of the Non-Intervention Committee resuscitation to present a series of proposals which are in no way different from those of Great Britain which he rejected in July. Prime Minister Chamberlain followed up by declaring that he was "satisfied," for had not Mussolini said that he did not intend to occupy Spain and the Balearics "permanently"? That is where matters now stand. Mussolini's about-face makes sense only if it is predicated on an understanding with Great Britain. If this is so, then democratic Spain is in the utmost jeopardy.

Windsor's Visit

MUCH as we hate to admit it, the reactionaries seem to have been right about our friend David Windsor. Either he is (a) supremely stupid or (b) extremely vicious. If his enemies had sat down and thought for weeks they couldn't have prepared a worse introduction to America than his recent visit to Germany. The chances that he will be received exactly as Vittorio Mussolini was lately welcomed in Hollywood are excellent, and we hope the reception will be improved upon. Even if he has ambitions of being the man on horseback who will some day return to England and save the empire under the ægis of fascism, he has gone about it in an awkward fashion. The pretense that he was shunted away as king because of his love for the working man grows a trifle thin when he finds nothing to do with his interest in labor but lend himself to the purposes of Hitler and Dr. Robert Ley, who have massacred the labor organizations of Germany.

In a way we should be thankful for the order in which the late monarch revealed his interest in the common man. Had he come first to these shores, there would have been a tendency to credit him with a genuine purpose and a sincere intention toward the workers. His hearty little gestures of heiling Hitler have fortunately allowed us to avoid that error. The stories of von Ribbentrop and the influence of the fascist cult about the British throne seem all too literally true when viewed from the present activities of the duke. The role played by Wallis Warfield also becomes clearer. The group she played about with in London was as discreditable as hinted, and centered about Lady Cunard, who in turn oscillated about the von Ribbentrop gentleman.



B. Flamm

Mussolini—Chummy with Chamberlain?

Therefore, we hope we shall be excused if we refrain from being overjoyed at the prospect of seeing David and Wallis. The idea that we should be polite to visitors would mean more in this case if his own country were also polite to him. If England doesn't want him, there seems no reason why we should. He can always get a welcome in Nazi Germany and that should be enough for any one man. The sound we should like to hear when the duke lands is not the elated tooting of tug whistles but one long sustained raucous razzberry from coast to coast. We have a suspicion that he is going to get it.

The Fall of Gijon

GIJON has fallen for the same reasons that Irun, San Sebastian, and Bilbao fell before it. Separated from the main body of loyalist territory by rebel Navarre, the Asturian front had to wage an unequal and almost unaided struggle against superior forces in man-power and munitions. Gijon, as a port, might have received aid from the sea, but the non-intervention farce converted that possibility into a tragedy. Only the Aragon front might have come to the aid of the Asturians, but it is on precisely this front that Trotskyist sabotage and Anarchist lack of discipline played greatest havoc until but a short time ago. Spain is still paying with such hostages as Gijon for the toleration with which Largo Caballero treated the P.O.U.M. and the uncontrollables.

The fall of Gijon in no sense weakened the loyalist cause on the main fronts, Aragon, Teruel, Madrid, and Cordoba. The same reasons that made Gijon impossible to save account for the city's minor importance considering the war as a whole. Franco needed to capture the city because it threatened the rear of his main base, Old Castille and Navarre. Now he can afford to take greater chances on the Aragon front, where, in the coming months, the fiercest fighting will probably take place. There is no cause for pessimism, however, for it was precisely the heroic sacrifice of the Asturians that made it possible for the Negrín government to reorganize the Aragon into a real fighting front.

Insuring Their Jobs

MAJOR successes in steel, rubber, autos, and other mass-production industries have not diverted the C.I.O. from its determination to organize white-collar and professional workers. At a recent rally in New York, the Industrial Insurance Agents' Union, which came into existence less than six months ago, announced that more than five thousand of the city's sixty-five hundred industrial agents are union men, with one hundred and fifty offices completely organized. The insurance field is a major source of employment for white-collar workers whose professional status made them shy of union organization in the past.

Now the United Office and Professional Workers' Union has insurance (I.I.A.U.) locals in Boston, Philadelphia, New Jersey, and Kentucky, with others forming in Chicago, Pittsburgh, and elsewhere. Among other demands the Insurance Agents' Unions are asking for minimum pay of thirty dollars weekly and an equitable adjustment of lapse to surrender charges. At present if a policy lapses, industrial insurance agents are required to return all commissions, though some of them may extend for twenty years.

Labor's Share

COMMENTING on the enormous gain in trade-union strength, Dr. Leo Wolman, formerly a member of the N.R.A. Labor Advisory Board, believes it due primarily to a rising tide of business and profits. Not sure that labor can maintain its position, he added:

> This phase of trade-union growth has not met its real test of unfavorable conditions, which we are already facing to some extent. But all past experience shows that good industrial relations depend on good business and if we are not going to have good business, then labor relations and working conditions will be poor.

Later on Dr. Wolman is quoted as saying that the drop in weekly working hours from an average of sixty in 1890 to a little over forty in 1937 involved changes which could not be made without maladjustments that threw people out of work. And again, he is reported as feeling that current wage levels in relation to prices result in "excessive costs." This would seem to line Dr. Wolman up with the National Manufacturers' Association and others who have always fought to keep labor's share of the national income at a minimum.

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Election Day and Labor

IN two major municipal elections next Tuesday labor's demands are the overshadowing issue. In New York the American Labor Party's support has, in the opinion of most political observers, assured Mayor LaGuardia of reëlection. Half a million majority, six hundred thousand, are the estimates advanced—the support of organized labor is held to be as decisive as that. In Detroit the support of organized labor is also recognized as crucial. Patrick H. O'Brien is organized labor's candidate for mayor, and a full labor slate is in the field for the Common Council.

In both New York and Detroit the reactionaries understand the decisive role of organized labor. In both cities they have attempted to utilize reactionary and corrupt A. F. of L. officials to give themselves an appearance of having labor's support. In both cities they have signally failed.

The best that Mahoney could do was a meeting in Cooper Union, engineered by a hastily concocted "Trades Union Party." Half the audience was apparently made up of Bowery hangers-on, and a good many of the others were regular Tammany ward heelers. A check-up of the unions listed by Mahoney as supporting him shows that in virtually all cases the "support" was proffered by one or another official, and not voted at any membership meeting. Mahoney's claims of union support did in fact spur many unions to hold special meetings, at which they voted to back LaGuardia and the American Labor Party. It became a point of honor and self-preservation with many union officials to deny that they had been at the Cooper Union meeting.

Mahoney's political bankruptcy was fully evident in his resort to Red-baiting as his major appeal, and his complete isolation from the rank-and-file workers of New York was proved by the appearance of Joseph P. Ryan as his "labor" sponsor. The Central Trades and Labor Council, aware of the overwhelming desire of New York's workers, repudiated Ryan's attempt to give Mahoney a labor tinge. The longshoremen themselves showed what they thought of their unsavory president's betrayal by forming a committee for the American Labor Party candidates and marching down to City Hall to inform the mayor that they were for him.

The Communist Party has energetically followed through its policy in this election of "subordinating differences with other progressive anti-Tammany groups in support of a labor and progressive united-front slate as the best assurance of smashing the reactionary Tammany machine." Accordingly it withdrew it candidates for mayor, president of the City Council, controller, district attorney, City Court justices, borough president, sheriff, registrar, assemblymen, etc. It urged voters supporting its position to enroll under the American Labor Party, and wholeheartedly to back A.L.P. candidates.

It put forward four candidates for the City Council: Israel Amter for New York County; Isidore Begun for the Bronx; Peter Cacchione for Kings; Paul Crosbie for Queens. Workers and other progressives are urged to vote for these Communist candidates as their *first* choice for the City Council in each of the four counties. Under the proportional representation ballot such a first-choice vote does not in the slightest detract from full support for the American Labor Party ticket, for if the Communist candidate is not elected the full strength of the vote for him goes to the candidate of the A.L.P.

IN DETROIT the attempt was made in the Detroit and Wayne County Federation of Labor to bamboozle labor into supporting the Board of Commerce candidate, Richard Reading. It was Frank X. Martel, president of the federation, fresh from Denver and with Green's war cries against the C.I.O. ringing in his ears, who undertook to sell labor down the river. Before the Denver convention he had denounced Reading: "If Reading is elected, the Board of Commerce will move in here and swing the show."

After Denver, when the choice was between Reading and O'Brien, the latter supported by all Detroit labor including the C.I.O., Martel said, "If Richard Reading is elected, conditions in this city will be no worse than they have been for the last four years. We've managed to survive that."

The question now is whether Martel will manage to survive the revolt he touched off by his attempt to get the federation to endorse Reading. Fifteen speakers took the floor in opposition, including delegates from the United Automobile Workers, the Teachers' Union, the machinists', street-car men's, brewery workers', waitresses', and electricians' unions, and Martel's own organization, the Typographical Union. One and all denounced the recommendation of the Political Action Committee, composed exclusively of business agents. Said young Mira Komaroff, organizer of the Waitresses' Union, in a voice close to tears:

> For four and a half years I have been associated with the American Federation of Labor. It has meant everything to me. I was especially proud because in Detroit we had one of the most progressive central bodies in the country, one that supported candidates for office, made sure they were labor candidates. But this action of the Political Action Committee is the most cruel, living example of treachery that I have ever seen. I want to say that regardless of what this body does, 90 percent of my union will vote for O'Brien. It is treachery that makes Judas Iscariot look like a tea-drinker to ask us to vote for Dick Reading.

The vote was overwhelming against Reading. Nevertheless Martel declared the motion carried and adjourned the meeting without permitting a show of hands.

The immediate result has been another meeting of the federation, including delegates and representatives of other unions, which repudiated Martel's treachery and formed a joint committee for O'Brien and the whole labor slate. Meanwhile, Martel is campaigning for his Board of Commerce candidate Reading, declaring he is fighting against "our common enemy—the C.I.O." And the longer-range development for labor in Detroit seems to be forecast in the remark made by a delegate while Martel was trying to sell the votes of the A. F. of L. workers to the Board of Commerce: "I have heard a lot of talk about the C.I.O. raiding A. F. of L. unions. If this body goes on record for Dick Reading, no raids will be necessary. Fifty percent of the members of the A. F. of L. will voluntarily join the C.I.O."

Charles Martin

IN BOTH New York and Detroit the results of the election will be charged with the utmost significance for 1938 and for 1940. Seven million organized workers are now eagerly awaiting word from the negotiators in Washington that may promise a united labor movement. The results of next Tuesday's elections, with labor in two camps but struggling toward common action, will be read with an eye toward the next election, when labor may have closed its ranks and, not seven but perhaps fifteen million strong, will march to the polls as one body.

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Some Day the Ticker Will Stop

The ghost of ultimate doom haunts the bulls and bears as they ride the Exchange see-saw

By Hyde Partnow

FROM the spectators' gallery of the Stock Exchange I looked below as stocks fluttered down over the heads of the brokers, as bonds tumbled down, as tangles of late ticker tape streamed down. The PRICE was slipping—down an ⅛ and down another and another on the giant stock quotation board where the dwindling numbers bobbed in and out like puppets. Under the board, across a stripe of electric light, hazy figures kept running like ducks on a rifle range, jumping up at one end and diving at the other. PROFIT, heartbeat of the market, was fluttertering badly. Phones rang, the ticker tocked, the teletype ticked. The "bulls" and "bears" below were stampeding! They were stretching out orders, SELL SELL, in their shaky fingers. They were stepping on each other's toes without a pardon, blocking each other at the phones, staggering on the littered Exchange floor like puzzled animals—charging and stopping and going around and stopping. A heap of torn paper and torn tape and torn orders rustled under their feet. If you cared to look at the baited bears and barbed bulls with badges saying "I AM A MEMBER OF THE EXCHANGE" stuck on them like brands on cattle, you could see the true face of panic without grease-paint. None of them was wearing a mask.

I had looked at pictures of stampeding women in bombed Shanghai and Madrid many times. I was sick with looking. I wished now to look at panic without sickness.

STOCKS OFF 2 TO 15, yes. DEFICIT AT 695,000,000. BONDS ALSO BREAK. Yes, first page. But on an inside page—read the story of a husband and wife, American workers, reported to be going up and down California in an old car, carrying a dead boy. Asking at every cemetery for a little earth. They would dig the hole. Told everywhere to go hire an undertaker, buy a coffin, pay for a plot. Outside the cemeteries nothing but wood and wild field. Husband and wife afraid of the loneliness of these. Wanting a little earth for their boy. Turned away . . .

And those men below gambling away the American earth on a green table. The trees and the coal and the oil.

Yes, I looked. I wished to look. But I felt cheated. I wished to look at their agony in close-up.

I left the gallery. I went to a broker. One of the largest on the Street.

Same panic, but—nearer. Numbers dropping by eighths, sell slips, ticker. Jam at the margin clerk's. Men. Men who can't hold the order slips in their hands. Men who can't keep the pencil in their fingers. Begging the margin clerk to wipe them out. The clerk, with a sandwich in one hand, wiping them out with the other. Stacks of them. SELL 100 SST 8 GS S708C.

These were small crapshooters. I went inside for a close-up of the big ones. THIRTY BILLION IN SECURITY VALUES WIPED OUT. 100 STOCKS DECLINE A HUNDRED BILLION IN ONE MONTH. Usually those gamblers get a kick out of people like me. They enjoy being ribbed. Not Tuesday. I left. There was time. Plenty of time.

Next day I came back. The papers were saying, NEW BUYERS BOOST MARKET ONE TO ELEVEN POINTS. Outside, in the board room, on the benches facing the quotation board, were new faces.

I went inside. English drapes, tab collars, baggy eyes. Loaded ash trays. Desks. Phones. Ticker-tape buzz. Waiting.

"You look upset," I said. They were all "riding" the panic, I knew. Holding tight. It's a bigger strain than selling.

"Really?" said one of the brokers. Then one of them laughed. "It's like the man with a toothache, isn't it? He rushes to the dentist and. . . ." Another broker interrupted, "No. It's more like a headache." "No, it's like someone with pains in his chest. The puzzled doctor, he can't tell—" says a third. And a fourth adds, "It's like the blues. A man is afraid of what may happen, he can't tell why. Then something breaks loose. . . ." "Not exactly," says the fifth, "it's like a bad heart. There's an attack and . . ." They cooked up a mess from syphilis to colds. They meant something was sick.

"What started it, though?" I asked. "Sun spots? Moscow?"

They grinned, then gabbled about credit and S.E.C. and "sterilized gold" and "fiduciary" and . . .

"But what started it?"

Finally, "The President." "Some say you started it to ruin the President." "Don't you believe it. We never got together on anything. We can't. I was at a dinner Monday. There was a billion dollars sitting at that table. They knew something was coming but didn't know what to do and when to do it. They were upset, that's all. So much so it killed their appetites." "How did the President start it?" "Look at the charts. He puts brakes on the rise but gives us no cushions for the drop. We drop hard. Then it's mass psychology. Fear. We got wiped out." "That's vague." "But it's true." "Then you admit you're afraid?" "Of course." "Of what?" "Death," he said. "From where?" *"From taxes and unions."*

"But now that it happened, you're going to use it to shoot at the President, aren't you?" "Sure, why not? The game's getting harder anyway without him. Trying to force business out against a tightening market won't last forever. It can't. Taxes and unions hurt our crapshooting. The dream of a broker is a line going up and up. Fantasy, of course. But the next best is a line with big dips. A roller-coaster market. What we're getting, though, is almost a circle. Look at the chart. A circle means death. None of us want to fall out of a window."

This broker had his heart in the ticker. During the talk the ticker board got stuck once. A Negro came in and repaired it. There was a deep quiet when the ticker stuck. That broker's face relaxed. I wondered if he noticed it himself. Of course not.

On Thursday he and the others had recovered some of their losses. The market was out of the depressive into the manic, mild manic. Newspapers were saying, GAINS HOLD. The bottom was reached, there's a boom now. An upsurge. An enthusiasm. Pick your bargains now. Read 'em and REAP. Snap your fingers. Put your teeth together. LOOK AHEAD.

Out in the board room the ticker was going, thank God. Volume was over three million. New buyers were watching. PUBLIC CONFIDENCE RESTORED. I sat down and looked at the sheep and read the papers. "The hope of gain is the most compelling incentive in the world." The bulls were roaring.

I rode down the elevator and turned down Wall to Broadway. Trinity Church and its graveyard in the rush hour. I stayed there awhile. The evening papers were out. REBELS SEIZE GIJON. MARKET SPURTS ONE TO FOUR. It was dark when I walked back down Wall. I passed the Stock Exchange building. Black. Doors shut. Plotting new gambles? In front of the empty steps, ripped to bits, a deck of playing cards were scattered over the pavement. I looked at the pieces, the torn diamonds, the jacks.

One night the doors would be shut and next morning the doors of this Exchange would never open. We would go in some morning and stop the Exchange for good. We would go in with our tools and pull out the ticker tape and snap the wires and take back the building we made. A few spots already are doing without such places. A sixth of the earth is being worked without ticker tape. . . .

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Soviet Farming: A "Utopia" Conquered

The collectivization of the countryside has accomplished, in one short decade, changes that are fundamental and permanent

By Joshua Kunitz

THIS year Soviet agriculture reports a magnificent victory—the greatest harvest Russia has ever had or in pre-collectivization days ever dared to dream of. In view of this indubitable fact, it seems rather odd that in a series of six long articles essaying an evaluation of twenty years of Soviet rule, a correspondent like Harold Denny of the New York *Times* finds six weasel words—"Soviet agriculture is going relatively well"—quite sufficient to dispose of the most spectacular and central triumph of socialist enterprise, a triumph affecting scores of millions of soil tillers in the U.S.S.R. and destined ultimately, no doubt, to affect agriculture the world over.

Is it ignorance? Is it malice? Or is it simply another example of the shortness of man's memory and the paucity of his imagination? Ten brief years—and already the epoch-making struggles of the early period of collectivization have been forgotten; already people speak of the accomplishments of Soviet socialist agriculture with the same glibness and matter-of-factness with which they speak of the commonplace occurrences in life. The happy climax of the most stupendous drama the contemporary world has seen is obscured by the petty melodrama of espionage and diversion. Would-be observers are so busy recording the picayune and the transitory that they completely overlook the grandiose and the permanent.

The only possible excuse for this is the terrific onrush of events. Things, both big and small, move so fast in the U.S.S.R. that one is likely to lose one's perspective in keeping up with them. Changes are so rapid that a reference to what happened several years ago sounds like a faint echo from a remote and almost forgotten past. The other day, while preparing my notes for this article, I glanced through a pile of clippings, documents, and books on Soviet agriculture gathered during the past decade. Most of them read like ancient history.

It is hard to realize that only ten years ago there was practically no socialized agriculture in the Soviet Union, that only nine years ago 98 percent of the total agricultural output of the U.S.S.R. was produced by 26,000,000 individual peasant households scattered over the vast land.

Words which at one time dotted all reports emanating from Russia, words once rich in meaning and emotional content, now sound remote and meaningless. It is an effort to recall what was meant by "scissors" or N.E.P., and to reconstruct in one's mind the grave dangers to the Soviet state once implied in the 1927-28 kulak "grain strike."

Within nine years a mighty, world-shaking agricultural revolution has taken place, which has swept like a whirlwind across two continents and changed the very foundation of life for 130,000,000 peasants.

From the vantage point of the present, it is fascinating and amusing, in going through the musty pages spread before me, to note the skeptical, cynical, fantastical, and apocalyptical comments of the learned bourgeois economists and clever journalists during the early years of collectivization.

A. Yugoff, a prominent bourgeois scholar, in his ambitious *Economic Trends in Soviet Russia,* published in 1930, dismissed the whole subject of state and collective farms in one contemptuous phrase—"utopian experiments."

Theodor Seibert, one-time Soviet correspondent to several leading German papers, in his heavy tome *Red Russia,* published in 1932, damned the whole business of collectivization as "a process of economic self-mutilation."

Other documents of approximately the same period described collectivization under such horrendous heads as "Ruinous Bolshevik Policy in the Villages," "Agricultural Insanity," "Officially Instigated Senseless Peasant War," "The New Serfdom," and others in the same vein.

The history of bourgeois scribes repeats itself, whether they "interpret" a workers' and peasants' government in 1931 or in 1937. They harp on the same note. With a display of tearful emotion and gruesome detail they depicted how the poor kulaks—"the best, most industrious, most capable peasants, the salt of the Russian earth"—were deprived of their property, uprooted, and shipped to remote and alien regions, how there was a wholesale slaughter of livestock, and how over the whole country peasants were gorging themselves sick rather than surrender their cattle to the collectives. They saw hunger, sabotage, murder. They saw maladjustment and chaos. They saw incompetence, laziness, bureaucracy, stupidity, and brutality. What they did not see then, as Mr. Harold Denny quite obviously does not see even now, was the meaning, the purpose, the grandeur of it all. *What they completely failed to grasp was the one all-important, central fact that collectivization, i.e., the rapid substitution of ultra-modern, large-scale, socialized farming for obsolete, small-scale, individual farming, was, despite all the tragic and destructive manifestations incidental to the process, a major, historically dictated economic, social, and psychological revolution.* Indeed, in the village, collectivization *was* the revolution, cutting deeper, reaching farther than had the October revolution. After all, the seizure and partition of the landed estates in 1917 had been a step for which the Russian peasants, following the precedent set in many other countries, had been psychologically prepared for decades. The idea was not new or alien. In the revolution of 1917 property violently changed hands; but the age-old principle of *private property in land and goods was not seriously affected.* Collectivization was different. It negated and exploded not only the notion of private ownership, but also that of private use and management of land and all its appurtenances. Psychologically, that was much more difficult to swallow, especially for the rich and even middle peasants.

I RECALL my visit in 1931 to Novo Zhivotinoe, a recently organized collective farm in the Voronezh District. I recall the middle-aged peasant Vasili Pavlovich as he struck out at Kolesnikov, the official in charge of collectivization, who was trying to persuade Vasili to join the kolkholz.

"Aren't you ashamed to stay out when everybody is pitching into the fight for a better life, for a more cultured, cleaner, and fuller existence?" asked Kolesnikov.

"I'm *not* ashamed!" exclaimed the peasant vehemently. "Why should I be ashamed? I have nothing to gain from joining the kolkhoz. For years and years I had been dreaming of my own plot of good land. This was my dream, and the dream of my father before me, and my grandfather before him . . . and now that the October revolution has given it to me, you want me to give it up. Never! For twenty years I had been dreaming of a horse. I had to bare my head, and bow, and beg when I needed a horse. I worked and I got myself a horse. I got it on credit, and I sweated my skin off trying to pay for it. It's my horse. I suffered for it; I have been taking damned good care of it; I have been watching it as the apple of my eye. Do you expect me to hand it over to the kolkhoz? Never! They'll cripple it. They won't take care of it. I would rather kill it with my own hands than give it to them."

When I revisited Novo Zhivotinoe in 1935, Vasili Pavlovich and his horse were in the kolkhoz; Vasili was one of its best and most industrious members. Multiply this Vasili Pavlovich by many, many millions and you

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will in some degree capture the dramatic immensity of the miracle of collectivization.

The bourgeois commentators saw maladjustment and chaos, saw incompetence and stupidity and bureaucracy. They were blind to the creative and the emergent. They did not understand, nor did they wish to understand, that the very enormity of the mistakes and stupidities perpetrated were mainly due to the fact that millions of people, most of them illiterate and untutored, were groping for new, unprecedented, unheard-of forms of collective labor and living, for ways of determining each member's contribution in labor and in goods to his collective, for methods of equitable remuneration, for means of establishing satisfactory relations between the collective farms and the state. Thousands of questions had to be answered. Thousands of problems had to be solved. I venture to suggest (though it cannot, of course, be proved statistically) that there was more intense social thinking and more widespread social invention at that time than at any other time in man's history. And as we know now, the questions were answered and the solutions were found.

The miracle of collectivization appears even greater when we realize the stupendousness of the purely mechanical and technical difficulties that had to be overcome. Collectivization meant the immediate training of hundreds of thousands of bookkeepers, accountants, surveyors, managers, agronomists, mechanics, tractor-drivers, and combine-operators. Collectivization meant the production, within the briefest possible time, of hundreds of thousands of tractors and combine harvesters. And as we know now, these difficulties, too, were overcome.

The crucial point in any evaluation of the twenty years of Soviet rule is collectivization. Every student knows that, even if Mr. Denny does not. In 1927-28, the small individual peasant, the petty proprietor, the carrier of bourgeois tradition and sentiment was the dominant element in the village. The rich peasants, the kulaks, were growing richer and were stretching out toward power. They were in a position advantageous enough to threaten the cities with starvation. The population was increasing, the cities were growing, industry was being rapidly reconstructed, but agriculture, because of wasteful and primitive methods, lack of implements, and the poverty and ignorance of the overwhelming majority of the peasantry, barely reached the pre-war level. In the cities a highly modernized, centralized, planned state industry was gaining momentum, while the farms were waxing in number but waning in size and productivity. The demands for food were expanding, the food-producing potentialities contracting. As for centralized planning of agriculture, this was altogether out of the question.

What, then, in the view of the Soviet leaders, was collectivization expected to accomplish?

First, it would solve the social problem in the village: it would eliminate the kulak and liberate the many millions of toiling peasants from poverty and ignorance—it would bring the Soviet Union closer to the Communist goal of a classless society. Second, it would make centralized planning of agriculture possible. Third, by using everything that science and rational organization offer, it would produce more grain, more bread, more vegetables, cotton, flax, fruit, wool, and leather; in short, more food and more clothes for the population as a whole and especially for the city worker.

Have all these objectives been attained? Unquestionably.

If we take the latest available figures, i.e., the figures for 1936, we can see that in eight years the Soviet village has made truly amazing progress: over 90 percent of the peasant households in the U.S.S.R. were joined in collectives. Together with the state-owned farms (which, incidentally, are decreasing in importance) socialized agriculture last year embraced 98.2 percent of the total arable land in the country.

The sown area grew from 113 million hectares in 1928 to 133.7 million hectares in 1936. The production of grain—from 733.2 million centners to 1041. Cotton—from 8.2 million centners to 40 million. Sugar beets—from 101.4 million centners to 254 million. Flax—from 3.2 million centners to 7.8 million. (A hectare is 2.47 acres, and a centner is equivalent to 110.23 pounds.)

In 1928, Soviet agriculture had at its disposal only 26,000 tractors and no combine harvesters. In 1936 it had 440,000 tractors and 50,300 combines. In 1937 the number of combines leaped to 121,000.

In brief, what A. Yugoff, Theodor Seibert, and hundreds of equally profound bourgeois students of economics had contemptuously dismissed as "utopian experiments" or as "economic self-mutilation" in 1930, proved six years later to have been the greatest and most thoroughly successful economic, social, and psychological revolution history has ever known.

Five years ago, in the winter of 1932-33 food was still the central problem in the Soviet Union. At that time, in a series which ran in the *New Republic* under the telling title "Food in Russia," I wrote:

> Food is uppermost in the minds of the urban population. Most people think food and talk food to an extent bordering on the morbid. Untold energy is consumed in efforts to obtain it—in rushing from one coöperative to another, waiting in endless lines, elbowing one's way through the open market, bartering, bargaining. As soon as any food article appears in the coöperative or on the market, it vanishes, regardless of price. Impelled by what often appears a hunger psychology, people store up sugar, salt, canned goods, fats, flour, and what-not. When there are things to eat, people tend to eat more than they normally would. One constantly thinks about food and one grows inordinately hungry. . . .

Now I find it difficult myself to believe that things could actually have been as bad as I described them. Food has ceased to be a problem. There is a superabundance of foodstuffs. The Russians, both in city and country, eat more than they ever ate before. Clothing, too, is rapidly becoming more abundant and of better quality. Whatever delay there is, is not due to the absence of raw materials.

The complete figures of this year's harvest are not yet available. In August, when I traveled through the Soviet Union, the countryside looked more beautiful than I had ever seen it. And the exultant, self-congratulatory spirit that pervades the latest Soviet papers indicates that the crop just harvested

Ben Yomen

"I hope seeing the newsreel of Mussolini five times didn't bore you."

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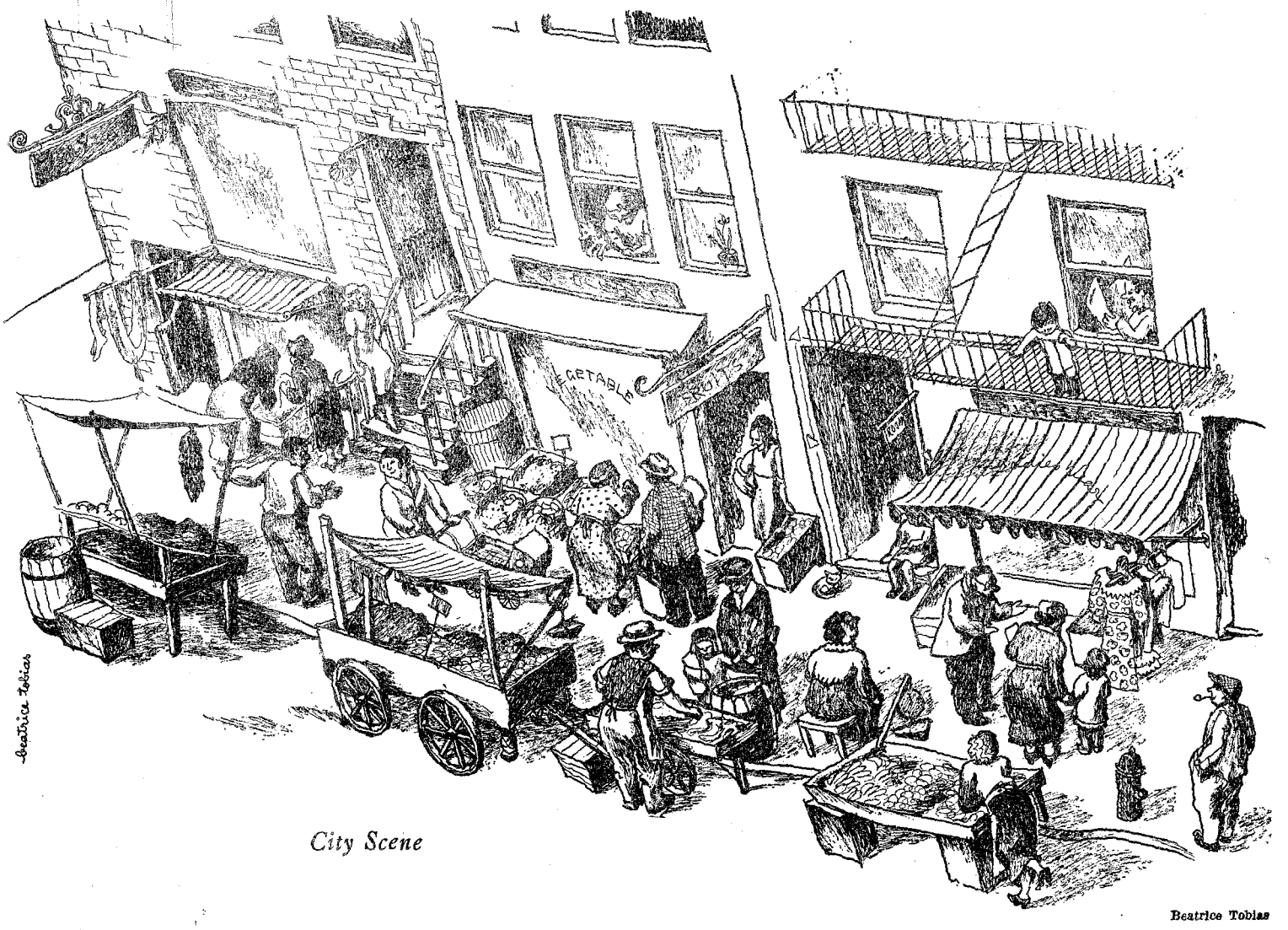

City Scene

Beatrice Tobias

has exceeded the Soviet Union's most sanguine expectations.

To convey to the reader some slight sense of what is really happening in the U.S.S.R. at the present time, I quote one typical news item from the *Pravda* of October 5.

On the eve of the twentieth anniversary of the great socialist revolution, the Soviet Union can boast, not of two or three or several collective farms, but of hundreds of them who have risen to the "millioner" rank [a collective farm with an income exceeding a million rubles a year]. . . .

In Tadjikistan, last year, there were twenty-four collective farm millioners. This year Tadjikistan counts about one hundred of them. In Kirghizia, the number of collective farm millioners rose from twelve last year to fifty this year. In Azerbaidjan there are now fifty-four millioners as against last year's twenty-seven. In Uzbekistan, according to the figures of only a few districts, we already have fifty-five new millioner collectives. In the Anapa district there are now seven collective farms whose incomes are above one million each. The Comintern collective now has a total income of four million. And the Voroshilov collective above six million.

The life of the collective farmers is becoming prosperous and cultured. In the Stalin farm, Red Army district, the average income per family last year was 1590 rubles; this year the income has jumped to 4131 rubles. The case of the collective farmer Azim Yusupov, Kolkhoz International, Kirghizia, is a striking example of how much a family of competent farmers in a superbly managed collective can earn. Last year Azim Yusupov and his family earned 27,000 rubles. This year his family income has risen to slightly over 50,000 rubles.

The Soviet press is deluged with similar news items from all over the country. They are brief flashes, but put together they provide a marvelous picture of the processes now unfolding in the village.

The members of kolkhoz Ordjonikidze of the Sabir-Abad region have just completed the building of forty houses. Twenty more are in the process of construction.

The millioner collective of the village of Negram, Armenia, has begun work on the erection of a clubhouse, kindergarten, nurseries, and a secondary school for two hundred children. The new stables, sheep sheds, and granaries are nearing completion. In several months the electric-power station will be finished. The collective has two automobiles, and is now acquiring a third.

Kolkhoz Stalin, Kant District, has just completed the construction of an elementary school. Several new nurseries and a new kindergarten are already in operation. A new house was put up for an agricultural laboratory. A radio broadcasting station has been recently opened. A large number of books has been bought for the kolkhoz library.

Kolkhoz Dimitrov, Uritsky District, has put up within the last couple of years a flour mill, new stables, a club, a nursery, an elementary school, and a rest house for shock workers. Nearing completion are an electric station, a steam bath, a dispensary, and a barber shop. Since the kolkhoz was launched forty of its members have graduated from higher institutions of learning. They are engineers, physicians, and agronomists. The kolkhoz comprises one hundred and forty-two households.

Collective farmers of the Vishnievsky District are swamping the local coöperative stores with orders for bicycles, phonographs, sewing machines, watches, and building materials.

All the above briefs were picked from one page of one issue of *Pravda*. Such items appear every day in every paper in the land. They tell a magnificent story, the story of the triumph of the collective system, of socialism in millions of homes, thousands of villages, tens of thousands of hamlets scattered over one-sixth of the land surface of the globe. Gone are the landlords, the kulaks, the merchants, and the usurers who fattened like leeches on the back of the poorest peasantry in Europe. Almost completely gone are the priests, the mullahs, and the shamans. The honored people in the village are the tractor drivers, the combine operators, the chauffeurs, the physicians, the teachers, the agronomists, the Stakhanovites of field and forest. We are witnessing the emergence of a new peasant, a new village, a new life. And it is this, this above everything elsle, that present-day commentators, if they do not wish to find themselves several years hence in the awkward predicament in which their forerunners find themselves now, should bear in mind when they attempt to evaluate the twenty years of struggle for socialism.

(*This is the third of a series of four articles by Joshua Knuitz. The last, to be published next week, will deal with Soviet democracy.*)

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READERS' FORUM

Three more letters bearing on a literary controversy

TO THE NEW MASSES:

Granville Hicks's review of *New Letters in America* [Sept. 28], Mr. Gregory's, Miss Rukeyser's, and Mr. Schacht's replies to it, and Mr. Hicks's rebuttal [Oct. 12], raise once again the question of the function of left-wing literature. While Mr. Hicks, in his rebuttal, has modified certain of his original statements and adopted a less dogmatic tone, he still adheres to the general position set down in his review. He and Mr. Gregory, therefore, despite their willingness to reach a common ground, are still in disagreement on a number of important points. In the interests of communism and good writing it is essential that the difficulties in the way of a common understanding be resolved—and they can be resolved only by being stated, examined, and analyzed. For that reason, I should like to reopen the discussion.

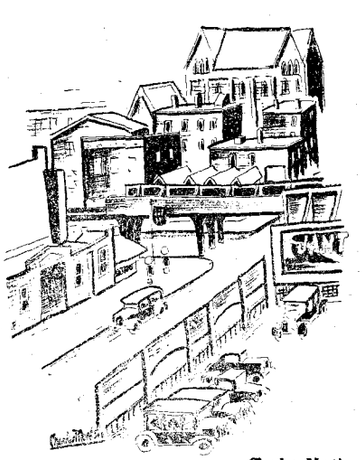
Fortunately we are all agreed that communism is good news. We accept the Marxist analysis of history and society, and as Marxists we believe that social and economic forces should be reflected in our literature. What we are not agreed on is the way in which these forces should be reflected, the exact form that our acceptance of "the central fact in communism," as Mr. Hicks puts it, should take. Mr. Hicks contends that it is the business of left-wing writers to "communicate the essential hopefulness of communism," and maintains that the contributors to *New Letters* have failed to do so. He does not say that these contributors are bad writers, nor does he deny that they treat of contemporary reality; his objection to them is that they fail "to render the substance of the Communist hope" with sufficient militancy.

Mr. Hicks again states this objection in his rebuttal and says he "still would like to know whether Mr. Gregory agrees or disagrees." But that is not the point at issue. The point at issue is, as I see it, whether or not these writers have failed to express the Communist hope because they have not expressed it *in the particular fashion approved by Mr. Hicks.* Now I certainly disagree—and I think so do Miss Rukeyser and Mr. Gregory—that Mr. Hicks's kind of hopefulness is the only kind that exists within the framework of Marxism, and I no more believe that it is a necessary component of left-wing literature than I believe that writers who lack it are therefore cynics or defeatists. I contend that there are more ways than one in art of expressing one's belief in the validity and necessity of communism. I agree with Miss Rukeyser that "whatever excellence left-wing writers have depends more on their sensitive straight facing of present scenes and values than on the happy posturing of their theses." I think, further, that the critic who makes optimism about the future rather than clear-headedness about the present his chief criterion in judging new work is going to fall into every sort of *non sequitur.* He will be forced, as was Mr. Hicks in his review of *New Letters,* to divide current writing into the all-too-convenient categories of optimism and pessimism (or despair), and having made the division, he is likely to find that his favored category will accommodate only those works which he himself admits to be inferior efforts. Such a division, in any case, is critically meaningless. Mr. Hicks cannot, I am sure, point to a single literary work of the first order which does not contain both elements, which does not have sources of hope as well as sources of despair. Any enduring work of art—perhaps unhappily for Mr. Hicks—is not by any means so simple as to fit into one or the other of these categories.

Mr. Hicks says he has tolerated the formula of the conversion short story and that of the strike novel because he hopes and feels that some day the formulas will be transcended and a great story and novel will result. I have no objection to his tolerating these formulas and agree that eventually they will be transcended and we shall have the great story and novel he hopes for. Whether he will recognize them once they have transcended the formulas is another matter. Meanwhile, nothing would seem to be gained when a critic becomes so devoted to a particular formula or thesis that he neither can nor wants to see anything else—which is what Mr. Hicks was guilty of in his review of *New Letters.* The assumption behind his review was that all left-wing writers should attempt to express his own kind of hopefulness. That hopefulness, I think I am right in saying, he identifies with the two formulas already mentioned. In his anxiety to find that hopefulness he disregarded other positive qualities, and for the sake of a thesis placed these young writers in a category conveniently labeled "pessimism."

In doing so he excluded many elements from their work and simplified their "message" beyond recognition. His assertion that the *New Letters* authors express the same emotions—despair, defeat, bitterness, etc.—as did the contributors to the first *American Caravan* is simply not a true presentation of the facts. What he significantly neglects to point out is that whereas the young writers of the twenties were generally content to express those emotions and stop at that, the young writers in Mr. Gregory's collection, though they may convey a feeling of despair, also attempt to reveal its underlying causes. They neither identify themselves with this feeling nor acquiesce in it. They all say, either explicitly or by implication, "These things must be changed!" If Mr. Hicks will forget his categories and formulas and examine the work before him, I think he will discover this important difference in attitude between the young writers in *New Letters* and those of an earlier generation. By indicating the conditions responsible for our present anarchy, brutality, and chaos, these writers are helping to prepare the way for a new and better kind of society. To what extent they have succeeded is another matter, but at least the attempt is an affirmative gesture. It is to this kind of affirmation, I think, that Miss Rukeyser refers when she speaks of a "hope to be worked for continually, not shouted before its time."

Marxism holds out more than a hope for the future. It is an instrument of analysis which enables the writer to discern the dialectical interaction of forces and events. The young Marxist writer has at his command a vision of the world that is at once more inclusive, more penetrating, and more integrated than other *Weltanschauungen* today, and for that reason he finds it desirable to employ a form more suited to the expression of that vision than the realistic method, at least as we find the method exemplified in most American writing of the twenties and early thirties. He would dispense with what Mr. Gregory calls "pragmatic naturalism"; he would extend the method of realism to include perceptions and awarenesses impossible to convey within the confines of naturalist fiction. Henceforth, the amassing of data will give way to the selection of the *significant* fact. Documentation will have its place, but wherever possible its work will be done by interpretation.



Charles Martin

Such procedures are quite in line with Marxist thought. Marxist literature does not need to include everything, for it is provided with a center of reference around which facts can be ordered and given perspective and illumination. Realism as practised during recent decades was the method of men who had no center of reference, no well-ordered and defined viewpoint; consequently they had no way of telling what was truly significant and were obliged to include everything. Today's younger writers—or a good many of them—are attempting to render an object, a scene, an event, or a character so that it will possess both a factual and a symbolic meaning. Writing will thus contain another dimension—one it has been deprived of far too long. The fable will again be pressed into service, not of course by all young writers, but by those whose vision can be best expressed by that form. I say "will," but as a matter of fact the fable has already been employed by some of the most distinguished of the younger talents. Mr. Hicks will even find that two of three Soviet stories included in John Lehmann's *New Writing* are essentially fables. Mr. Gregory, then, is not asking writers to adopt a method he "had suddenly become devoted to," as Mr. Hicks incorrectly remarks; he is approving a method whose usefulness has already been demonstrated. A broad definition of the fable, moreover, would include much of the finest writing of the last fifty years or so. It would include the work of Franz Kafka which, whether or not Mr. Hicks is "impressed" by it, is worth all of American realistic fiction put together. It would include Henry James's study in good and evil, *The Turn of the Screw,* and the greatest of Thomas Mann's shorter works, *Death in Venice* and *Mario and the Magician.* What I want to stress here is not the fable as such, but the process, common to all writing of the first order, whereby the objective fact is made to stand as a symbol of some emotion, ideal, or belief that is larger than itself—as Hamlet or Don Quixote does, or Kassner in *Days of Wrath* or Spina in *Bread and Wine.*

An unfortunately literal approach and interpretation, it would seem, has prevented Mr. Hicks from recognizing these facts. It is in his comments on the poets' imagery that his literalism is most plainly revealed. Poets who introduce images like "men before a firing squad" and "machine guns" are lacking in hope, he says; such images signify "disgust, bitterness, pity, cynicism." Does Mr. Hicks really believe that firing squads and machine guns are unrelated to the Communist hope? Does he think that getting people to realize their import is not a function of Communists? What is the value of making readers optimistic about the future if one has not clarified the present for them? To say that poets should not employ images and symbols of this kind is very like saying that Communists should not write about fascism. Does Mr. Hicks want left-wing poets to be dreamers? Does he want them to avoid the less pleasant aspects of their world? His answer is probably that he does not, but that he wants them also to project the Communist hope. As I read the poets in *New Letters,* I think a good many of them do convey this hope, though not in the particular fashion approved by Mr. Hicks. That is no reason for calling them defeatists. The affirma-

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tion in their verse—a more valuable quality, incidentally, than hopefulness—is much stronger than Mr. Hicks has made out.

As for the charge of "harshness," I confess I also find it fantastic, especially when brought against a poem of such sustained music as Marya Zaturenska's. True, neither Miss Zaturenska nor the other poets in *New Letters* (unless it be Frederic Prokosch) can or should care to boast the mellifluence of, say, Elizabeth Barrett Browning. That kind of vacuous melody would scarcely be appropriate to what they have to say. Perhaps Mr. Hicks's failure to recognize the music of these poets is traceable to the fact that he has trained himself to listen for a conventional kind of music—that to be found in most of the poets of the nineteenth century—and when he does not hear it, he concludes that the verse is harsh. Many persons, he will remember, found the romantics crude and harsh because their prosody was less tight than that of the eighteenth century. It is largely a matter of what the ear has learned to expect. I suggest that if Mr. Hicks abandoned his preconceptions as to what is "pleasing to the ear," if he familiarized himself to a greater extent with the poets whom these young writers have in many cases taken as models—among others, Langland, Hopkins, Pound, W. C. Williams—and then read the verse in *New Letters*, he might find more cause for enjoyment than for complaint. I admit that the music of most of this verse requires a trained ear in order to be thoroughly appreciated, but I do not consider that a fault. The matter is a technical one, of course, and to persuade Mr. Hicks that his charge is unjust, one would really have to discuss such things as quantity, stress, alliteration, the musical phrase, etc. That, however, would require considerable space, and I have already written enough.

To repeat: my own and I think Miss Rukeyser's and Mr. Gregory's chief objection is to Mr. Hicks's very literal, unimaginative interpretation of "the substance of the Communist hope"—an interpretation that is dubious Marxism as well as a denial of some of the most important and useful functions of literature. I do not say that Mr. Hicks's kind of optimism is inadmissible or that it should be scrapped, but I do say that the least he can do is to realize that there are other ways of expressing the Communist hope, ways just as acceptable as his own and more likely, at any rate at present, to produce good writing.

Let me conclude by suggesting that as a basis for an intelligent approach to these and other problems we all might make use of Kenneth Burke's brilliant and extremely valuable *Attitudes Towards History*, in my opinion the most important contribution to Marxist criticism yet made in America.

T. C. WILSON.

By Way of Answer

TO THE NEW MASSES:

I do not see how there can be any intelligent disagreement with Mr. Wilson's contention that "there are more ways than one in art of expressing one's belief in the validity and necessity of Communism." But it seems clear that Mr. Wilson, in his anxiety to stress the variety of forms in which revolutionary content may be expressed, has fallen into a double error. And Mr. Hicks's remarks on the subject, while tending to slur over this æsthetic axiom of multiformity, did possess the virtue of isolating and examining these errors.

Mr. Wilson assumes in his letter, as he did in his review of *New Writing* last week, that "We accept the Marxist analysis of history and society and as Marxists we believe that social and economic forces should be reflected in our literature." Mr. Wilson feels that a few years ago it was inevitable that Marxist writers should emphasize two qualities: a well-developed political consciousness, and an intense hatred of fascism. "That battle has now been won," says Mr. Wilson, "at least where young writers are concerned." I believe that this is a somewhat optimistic conclusion. That battle, it seems safe to say, will not be won until an international classless society is achieved. The world of literature is not exempt from the conflict of social purpose which is the crucial phenomenon of our time. Nor are young writers, even the gifted ones, universally persuaded of those truths which are central to Mr. Wilson's own political consciousness. Mr. Wilson is satisfied that "we are all agreed that Communism is good news." It is true that in this respect Mr. Hicks, Mr. Gregory, and Miss Rukeyser do agree. But they represent a group which will for some time be on the offensive. A casual glance at the books and magazines most widely read in America is a sufficient reminder that to not a few writers the news remains unbroken. Indeed, some of the young contributors to *New Letters* neither behave nor write as if the news had reached their ears.

Richter

"Dear me, I thought it was all done by machinery!"

It is one thing to note "political consciousness" in writers and another thing to analyze the real nature of that consciousness. I mean, quite simply, that there is a difference between a man's saying or thinking he is a Marxist and his being one. Granting for the moment that it is not as necessary as it was a few years ago to convince writers that they ought to be against fascism, it still remains true that it is more necessary now than ever before to dissipate confusion as to what fascism actually is and how precisely one should fight it. When a Trotskyist writer attacks the people's front or the Soviet Union in the name of "anti-fascism" and "socialism," he betrays a political consciousness, to be sure, but not the kind that can be accepted with either complacency or gratitude. Literary criticism at the present time which escapes the responsibility of such analysis is just as distorted as literary analysis which fails to take up the social problem at all. Marxist criticism does not benevolently observe that there are different types of approach to socialism; it separates the genuine from the spurious. I am sure that Mr. Wilson agrees with this as a generalization. What he does not seem to recognize is its importance as a practical technique of criticism in precisely this period.

The second error of emphasis in which Mr. Wilson finds himself is of a more strictly literary order. It is undeniably true that Marxists cannot be satisfied with what Mr. Gregory calls "pragmatic naturalism." Marxists are neither pragmatists nor naturalists; they are dialectical materialists. We do not tell a novelist that beyond Zola or Dreiser he must proceed at his own risk. On the contrary, we welcome and are ready to assimilate new æsthetic techniques. But it seems nonsense to say that the work of Franz Kafka "is worth all of American realistic fiction put together." Nobody will be hanged for writing "fables." But surely one may be pardoned for feeling that the heritage of realistic fiction in America is more significant for us than the work of Kafka. Realism must be enriched by new sources; art which falls into a routine is deadly. As Ralph Fox pointed out in *The Novel and the People*, the tradition of realism in fiction has been a flexible one, expanding continuously in terms of new social structures and corresponding social attitudes. This expansion will continue. Naturalism is only one of the forms of realism, and it does not seem to follow that in abandoning naturalism we must all fly to the fable. I agree with Mr. Hicks that what we want is "a greater boldness, a greater willingness to risk failure, a greater resourcefulness in experimentation, a more determined search for knowledge, and a greater eagerness for experience. . . ." If Kafka or Hopkins or James can stimulate writers, there is no need to turn one's back on them. But it is hard to understand why one must be compelled to mistake enriching streams for great historical sources. There is a kind of literary sectarianism in which none of us can afford to flounder.

SAMUEL SILLEN.

Discipline in Verse

TO THE NEW MASSES:

Since Granville Hicks has invited further comment, I might as well stick in my two cents' worth. It seems to me that the man who has spoken least in the controversy so far has said the most. But I cannot agree with Mr. Schacht in a tendency to minimize the importance of lyric poetry: I think such an attitude is a betrayal, not a defense, of culture. The ardor that goes into pure song, like the ardor that goes into revolution, is a vital and important manifestation of the human spirit; and no one devoted to either should ever disparage the other. There are times when, for economic or other considerations, the one, rather than the other, is indicated; but I hope, even in this day and hour, the same man may be a good lyric poet and a good Communist.

I should like also to support Granville Hicks's charge that modern verse is too much lacking in melody, and to add my note of explanation. It seems to me that too many revolutionary poets are politically sound in their politics, but politically unsound in their poetry; that is to say, they are still Bohemians, or, at best, anarchists, who consider themselves superior to prosodic discipline. If it is fair to insist that poetry, among other things, must consist of "human speech wrought by art into musical utterance," then I should say that about 90 percent of NEW MASSES (and other Left) verse fails to be poetry for this reason alone.

For this defect, editors must assume their share of responsibility. There will be a howl of rage from the poets at my saying so, but the fact is that editors are far too easy. Their position has been like that of complaisant hotel clerks who admit to their hospitality all too readily anyone who bears the outward and visible signs of respectability. The poet who appears with what is alleged to be the muse on one arm, and a suitcase with the proper stickers on the outside dangling from the other, has no trouble in finding a room in the house. But too often all there is in the suitcase is a very minimum in the way of the necessary technical apparatus for such occasions, and a couple of copies of last year's phone book.

ROLFE HUMPHRIES.

The letters printed above are representative of the viewpoints expressed in those received thus far in the discussion initiated by Granville Hicks's review of *New Letters*. Other letters, which could not be printed for reasons of space limitations, were received from Robert Gessner, William Jennings, Stephen Mangin, Thomas del Vecchio, James Neugass, Arthur Ebel Steig, Roland Polsley, and Myra Marini.—THE EDITORS.

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REVIEW AND COMMENT

Walter Lippmann: the debacle of a mind—LaGuardia, the progressive—Revolt in Asturias and America in the Far East

ACCORDING to Walter Lippmann's publishers, *The Good Society** is his "most significant book." I am inclined to agree with them. In its scope, in its pretensions, and in its air of finality, it is by far Mr. Lippmann's most serious effort in the sphere of economics and politics. And the book is significant, not only because it represents the considered result of Lippmann's thinking during the two decades since the Great War, but also because Lippmann has come to be, in the field of writing, the fair-haired boy, the acclaimed favorite, the intellectual hope of American finance capitalism.

The argument of *The Good Society* is that the major ills which beset mankind today are all due to the increasing encroachments of what Mr. Lippmann calls authoritarian collectivism, which is based on the principle that men can be made happy through the coercive power of the state and the centralized planning of economic activity. The primary examples of this malign collectivism are Nazi Germany, fascist Italy, Soviet Russia, and President Roosevelt's New Deal. There are, to be sure, certain differences between these various collectivisms—Mr. Roosevelt's, for instance, is a *gradual* collectivism—but they all make the same fundamental assumptions and are leading in substantially the same direction. In the place of corrupting and disastrous collectivist planning, Mr. Lippmann calls for a return to true liberalism. This means, not the old system of *laissez faire,* but a capitalism, the basic principles of which are division of labor and free market and in which there is ample room for the necessary degree of social control and reform.

I can hardly begin to mention the numerous logical contradictions, errors in fact, and fantasia of interpretation, which the author so blithely and generously distributes throughout the presentation of his truly remarkable thesis. In order to prove that planning can exist only in a society that is "both bellicose and poor," Mr. Lippmann has to twist beyond recognition or shut his eyes to almost everything of importance that has gone on in Soviet Russia since the revolution of 1917 and especially the tremendous economic and cultural developments of the past ten years. Instead of acknowledging the obvious fact that the threat of war has enormously handicapped the first two Five-Year Plans, Lippmann claims that the threat of war is what has made any Soviet planning possible and that "when Russia no longer feels the need of mobilization, it will become necessary to liquidate the planning authority."

Instead of recognizing the backwardness of industry in czarist Russia and its irrational, uneconomical concentration in a few regions, Mr. Lippmann argues that the laying of a heavy industrial base for the socialist economy and the building of some of it in strategically invulnerable parts of the country demonstrates that the primary objective of Soviet planning has been military and not the improvement of the standard of life. Crowning folly of all, in order to demonstrate that planning is incompatible with democracy, the author tells us that "a plan subject to change from month to month or even from year to year is not a plan." Yet the Soviet Five-Year Plans possess precisely this sort of flexibility and are in actuality altered from year to year and month to month to keep pace with changing and unforeseen conditions.

In the light of all this, it is not surprising to find that Mr. Lippmann dismisses the epoch-making new Soviet constitution in a contemptuous footnote, and that he slurs over and slanders the long and noteworthy Soviet record on behalf of world peace. Now I stress Mr. Lippmann's analysis of the Soviet Union because it is absolutely central to his thesis. If, moreover, one sets out to write the great, the classic refutation of collectivism and planning, it would seem that one might feel called upon to visit the only country in the world where a real planned economy has been functioning. But the omniscient Walter Lippmann has never so much as set foot in Russia, though he goes abroad at least once a year. So he makes up for any lack of first-hand knowledge by citing as his chief references such "objective" authorities as Max Eastman and the White Russian economists, Boris Brutzkus and M. Polanyi.

When we come to Mr. Lippmann's positive program, we do not find much improvement in his methods of analysis. It was after 1870, he states, that the collectivist movement, the root of all evil, came into its ascendancy. But long before 1870 the capitalist world was affected with the cycle of boom and depression, mass unemployment and mass misery, imperialism and war. The golden age of liberalism and the free market upon which Mr. Lippmann looks back with such longing was not, after all, a very happy one for the vast majority of mankind. Furthermore, Lippmann calmly overlooks the deep-lying capitalist contradictions which brought about the breakdown of liberalism and particularly neglects the inexorable effects of the profit motive in leading businessmen themselves to whittle away the free market by such devices as tariffs and huge monopolist corporations. Mr. Lippmann proceeds to outline an agenda for liberalism. And his fatal inconsistency here is that he advocates a series of social reforms which sound very much like the New Deal which he so despises, and which would entail many of the same collectivist and governmental controls which he denounces in an earlier part of the book.

To put it briefly, the author's easy solution for all our troubles is for capitalism to return to the days of its radiant youth. But the sequence of events in this hard, hard world is irreversible; it is not so simple to turn back the clock of history a hundred years. And I think it is true to say of Mr. Lippmann what he himself says of Herbert Spencer: that he is defending positions which have in fact been abandoned by events.

The advertisements state that Walter Lippmann put "twenty years of study, three years of writing" into *The Good Society.* If this is true—and I have no reason to doubt it—then this book represents the definitive debacle of a mind that once was most promising, of a sometime scholar who has forgotten the meaning of scholarship. The result of Lippmann's greatest intellectual effort is as complete and muddled a failure as I have ever seen. Mr. Lippmann and the business interests for whom he is spokesman have been thinking hard for twenty years. And at the end of that time they have just exactly nothing to offer to a confused yet aspiring generation.

CORLISS LAMONT.

Jack Kabat

* THE GOOD SOCIETY, *by Walter Lippmann. Little, Brown & Co.* $3.

Rise of a Progressive

LAGUARDIA, *by Jay Franklin. Modern Age Books.* 35c.

THIS book was a long time coming, but it is finally here. If it weren't written by columnist Jay Franklin, someone else would have had to undertake it. For a biography of Fiorello Henrico LaGuardia, irrespective of his political relationship to you or me, is manifestly in order.

Clearly the political history of the Little Flower is more than just another biography of a man in public life; it is a chart of the development of a characteristic section of the progressive movement in the United States. Mr. LaGuardia early in his political career linked his fate with that of the progressive

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movement in the country, and his development shows the same general curves and zigzags that a chart of that movement would show.

Thus Franklin introduces to us not Fiorello LaGuardia, "the little Wop" who made good, but an extraordinarily energetic being who showed—and still shows—the strength and weaknesses of the indigenous progressivism—pragmatic at its roots and largely affected by the petty-bourgeois populist traditions of the West. Franklin clearly essays more than the chronological history of a progressive; he seeks to bare the roots of American progressivism.

By progressivism, it must be noted, Franklin has the traditional meaning in mind—the progressivism of the LaFollettes, George Norris, and the other homeless insurgents of the West who never were comfortable in either of the major parties and are only now beginning to find their place in a new political realignment. LaGuardia, who spent his early youth in the West and his formative legislative years in Congress with Norris and the elder LaFollette, absorbed much of their outlook.

Born in a Varick Street tenement in 1882, son of the Italian cornetist, Achille LaGuardia, and Irene Coen Luzzatti, of a Venetian Jewish family, baby Fiorello was soon taken to the West. Father Achille was an army bandmaster and the family lived for most of Fiorello's childhood and adolescent years in the atmosphere of a frontier military reservation.

Came the Spanish-American War and father Achille contracted dysentery from eating "embalmed beef." Seeking to recover his health, the ailing father took his family to Budapest, but died shortly after they arrived there, leaving the eighteen-year-old Fiorello to take care of himself and his mother.

There followed a temporary clerkship at the American consul-general's office in Budapest and a few months later a job as acting consular agent at Fiume at three hundred dollars a year. That was the period in which the young man won recognition for defending the interests of immigrants against the whims of the Austro-Hungarian royalty. When he reached the age of twenty-one, he was officially appointed acting consular agent at one thousand dollars a year and during the years 1904-05 sandwiched in a pleasant *gemütlich* existence while learning Italian, German, Croatian, Magyar, and a bit of French.

Back in the United States in 1906, young Fiorello worked at various jobs and finally landed a spot as interpreter for the Labor Department at $1320 a year. Here he worked by day and studied law by night, getting his degree at New York University in 1910.

Politics clearly beckoned. But where to break in? Writes Franklin:

> From the practical point of view, LaGuardia had to be a New York City Republican—and an irregular one, at that—if he were to get anywhere in a political career. Where the Democrats had cornered the Irish vote, the Republicans had won a majority of the Italian vote throughout the nation, and with a Fusion administration on the way in the city it would have been folly for the young western lawyer to identify himself with Tammany Hall. It proved almost as hard for LaGuardia to identify himself with the Republican organization, which was in more or less friendly cahoots with the Tammany outfit, under a sort of general understanding that reform waves come and go but politicians must eat all the year round.

In 1914 he ran for Congress, got the expected beating in a Tammany stronghold, but made such a good showing that Republican Governor Charles S. Whitman appointed him a deputy attorney-general. In 1916 he was elected. The war hysteria was on, and LaGuardia pledged that if he voted for war he would enlist himself. He did both and served in the air corps on the Italian front. Returning, he defeated Scott Nearing in a hot congressional contest after publicly debating with his opponent. In 1919 he was elected president of the N. Y. Board of Aldermen.

This period is of particular significance in his career. The "Red scare" was at its height and Attorney-General A. Mitchell Palmer was Red-raiding the length and breadth of the land. "Bolshevism," according to the staidest of our pillars, was under every bed. It was at this time, February 1920, that LaGuardia wrote about the tory howl against "Bolshevism":

> It is used by the sweatshop owner when he speaks of his men demanding a living wage. It is howled by the profiteer. It is ranted forth by rotten political leaders.

Continues Franklin on this subject:

> He (LaGuardia) went on to show that the demand for high wages was reasonable, that the amount needed was relatively minute, and that the reactionary employers who demanded "law and order" denied "law and order" to those of whom they complained as Bolsheviki.

His more recent career is fairly well known—his insurgency in Congress, his guerrilla warfare with the Republican high command, his congressional support of most progressive issues, his defeat by Tammany's Lanzetta in 1932, and his election as Fusion mayor of New York in 1933.

That the man has aligned himself with the broad general progressive movement in the country a study of Mr. Franklin's book makes clear. That he is a figure of national importance is also self-evident.

W. Miltus

LaGuardia's weaknesses on the whole were those of the progressive movement, Franklin implies. Because there existed no powerful people's-front movement, no effective third-party movement, LaGuardia and the other progressives "had" to fight from inside of the two major parties and ally themselves only on occasion with movements outside of these. One of LaGuardia's chief weaknesses—the major weakness of the liberals in American politics, in fact—is hardly touched on by Franklin. That is, of course, their fear of theory, their blind worship of rule-of-thumb politics.

It is this that seemingly gives many of their actions the "bad" smell of too-too "practical" politics, like an endorsement of George U. Harvey. Lacking a guiding theory, they are often subject to pessimism and panic. They seek the middle-of-the-road policy of attempting to placate the people and reaction simultaneously, efforts which earn them only the contempt of the tories and weaken their popular support.

All of this has been illustrated over and over again in the current mayoralty campaign. Marxists understand this phenomenon and reject the attitude of sterile doctrinaires, so fashionable today among certain Socialists, of applying a foot-rule to types like LaGuardia. Communists understand that the LaGuardias are a product of the peculiar development of the American social structure, with all the strength, weakness, and peculiarities of the type. Communists are often sharply critical of the progressives, but they never forget that, with all their limitations, they are today an organic and indispensable part of the broad movement against reaction in the United States.

From this point of view a study of the Franklin biography—despite its occasional effusive and blurb-like character—will prove of real value to earnest progressives seeking to fight fascism in the United States. By shedding light on one outstanding figure in the country's progressive movement, Mr. Franklin's book serves to teach us more about the real elements of the developing people's-front movement in the United States and to clear the atmosphere of both utopian illusions and arid doctrinairism.

S. W. Gerson.

Signal to Attack

Rehearsal in Oviedo, *by Joseph Peyré. Translated by R. H. Torres. Knight. $2.*

THE reading public owes a very real debt to writers like Malraux, Bates, and now in a smaller but genuine way to Joseph Peyré, for they are men who bring to first rank writing material which deeply concerns the future of the world. News reportage like Agnes Smedley's is needed; documentation like *From Spanish Trenches* is greatly

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needed; but along with these there is a need for that final, if slower, integration represented in books like *Man's Fate* and Bates's two novels on Spain.

Rehearsal in Oviedo, in the space of 40,000 words, gives—largely through the experience of an awkward Socialist miner—a striking view of the Spanish people's attempt to come into power in 1934. The "revolt"—and it is momentarily difficult to think of the people as "rebels" and the present "rebels" as "loyalists"—fails, is put down in the well-known bath of blood, which helped the people find their way to the democratic People's-Front government of today. The initial hope and the final despair of the people, as of the miner, Morenù, are the two boundaries of this moving short novel. At the opening of the book Morenù is awaiting a local signal to attack, a blast of dynamite. He reads an editorial in *Avance,* the Socialist organ, and is stirred by it. Days later, as hope is ending for him, he passes a corpse in the streets of Oviedo—"a man in a blue suit stretched out on the grass, his right cheek eaten away, and the cookies that he had been carrying in a copy of *Avance,* strewn about. On the topmost page of the Socialist newspaper, yellowed by dog urine, Morenù thought he recognized the appeal of October 4—the editorial whose moving phrases he still remembered." These are the boundaries of the book; between them are the heroism and steadfastness of a people who were for the time repressed, but who were not defeated.

Besides the main character, Morenù, the middle-aged socialist with his fingers bitten away from the mines, there are two other characters of particular interest. One is Marifé, a girl who represents the spirit of Asturian women during the revolt; the reader, like Morenù, will remember her slender throat and its scapulary as he hears of her death while fighting to hold up the final government drive. Perhaps even more significant is the figure of the *rampero,* a twenty-year-old Communist, who fought "justly" but ruthlessly—Morenù hated him. And the difficulty of union, of the "alliance" between Socialists and Communists to gain a common end, is clearly brought out. Only after a long, obsessive proving did Morenù have to admit that the Communist had something to him. I think that in this not at all sympathetic study of the *rampero* Peyré succeeds in showing the hard resistant core which Communists so often add to any group who, however reluctantly, take them in.

Peyré, who has written a number of novels in French, is known to the English reading public only by his Goncourt prize novel, *Glittering Death. Rehearsal in Oviedo* covers a period of time only half a year after that of *Glittering Death,* but the two novels are separated by an astonishing distance. *Glittering Death* is a novel of the bull ring, which rewrites Ibañez's *Blood and Sand,* effectively but still with the emphasis about where Ibañez left it; it is the world of the "ama-

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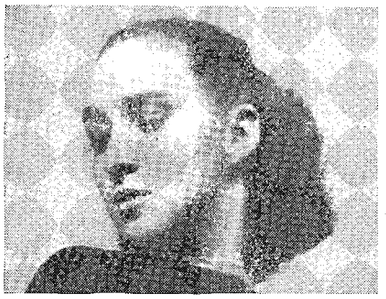

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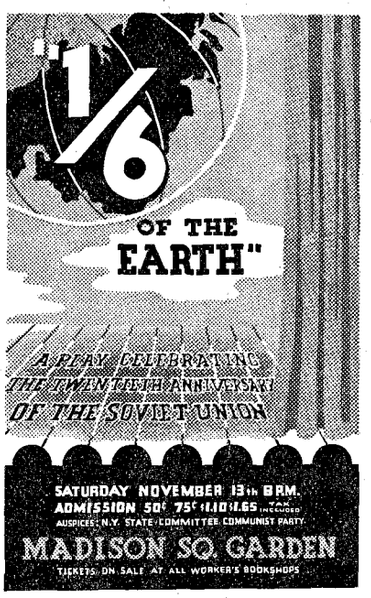

teur," the watcher. In *Rehearsal in Oviedo* Peyré is no longer a spectator but a participant; the nostalgic, indirect quality of *Glittering Death* is gone, and there is only clear statement. That this clear statement is achieved with difficulty—as witness Morenù's confusion—there is no doubt, but there is also no doubt that in it, in all such tendency, there is health.

Mr. Torres's translation of *Rehearsal in Oviedo* is excellent; the feeling of rain, of autumn odors, is conveyed with purity; when the emotion must mount as it does in the finest scene in the novel—the dying Morenù throwing his useless dynamite against the cathedral, the translation moves with a sharp and penetrating fervor. MILLEN BRAND.

Should America Quit China?

FORTY YEARS OF AMERICAN-JAPANESE RELATIONS, *by Foster Rhea Dulles. D. Appleton-Century Co. $3.*

IMPERIALIST antagonisms in the Far East are fascinating to study, because they are so full of apparent paradoxes. Especially is this true of American antagonisms, past and present. Even the casual student is soon confronted with a number of obscure and complicated problems, the more difficult because at first glance they do not seem to square with expectations. For example, it is well known that the actual economic stake of the United States in China is comparatively small, only some 1.3 percent of our total foreign investment. Our trade with China is less than 3 percent of our total foreign trade. In both trade and investment, our stake in Japan is considerably larger. Yet, the prestige and power of the United States have for the most part been thrown, even if ineffectually, on the side of China against Japan.

One school of thought has arrived at a very simple solution. American policy in the Far East is explained as an inexplicable aberration. That Secretary Stimson should have made a determined effort to keep Japan out of Manchuria is considered the private whim of an ambitious but fumbling novice in world politics. This theory seems very satisfying because it does away with the problem which it started to answer. Like all purely idealistic constructions, the problem vanishes only to reappear under a somewhat different, but nonetheless bothersome, guise.

For it may be asked: how does it happen that an aberration can be so persistent? How does it happen that Mr. Stimson should have been possessed of the same aberration as Mr. Hughes, Mr. Hughes as Mr. Wilson, and Mr. Wilson as Mr. Hay? A span of about thirty-five years separated Secretary Stimson from Secretary Hay, yet both were moved by identical whims. They all adopted a "positive" policy in the Far East for the defense of China's territorial integrity as the necessary concomitant to the Open Door. Mr. Stimson was secretary of state in a Republican administration. The Republicans were largely responsible for having defeated Mr. Wilson's attempt to bring the United States into the League of Nations. Since the early post-war years they had never weakened in their opposition to the League. Yet this Republican secretary in a Republican administration went farther in his collaboration with the League of Nations in 1931-33 than the most optimistic supporter of the League would have dared to predict in 1920.

Forty Years of American-Japanese Relations is the latest addition to the literature of the "aberration" interpretation of American Far Eastern policy. Mr. Dulles finds American statesmen lavish in making, but extremely feeble in backing up, their promises or threats. When it came to put up or shut up, the United States has in the past shut up. That happened from 1901, when Secretary Hay ruefully confessed that he could not make czarist Russia conform to the Open Door policy, until 1933 when Secretary Stimson finally admitted that he could not make Japan release its grip on Manchuria. Mr. Dulles's book really consists of a running summary of American Far Eastern diplomacy with special emphasis on those occasions when promise outdistanced achievement. In conclusion, he bids us leave Asia to Japan, surrender China immediately, reconcile ourselves to the loss of this largest of potential markets, make no threats, and thereby save ourselves the mortification of backing down.

I have placed Mr. Dulles in the "aberration" school not because everything he says is false, but because his general viewpoint is unrealistic, because he hangs his whole analysis on a "single set of circumstances" (as he himself puts it). His "single set of circumstances" is the failure of the United States to apply force to carry out threats. Why there was such a failure and why the attempt persisted in spite of the failure never comes within the scope of his study. He is content to record the fact and to put forward a deceptively simple prescription for avoiding future embarrassment: let the United States henceforth make no threats against Japan nor promises to China. This advice has been offered for forty years and it has never been followed. That alone should have given Mr. Dulles some pause.

For the contradictory position of the United States in the Far East is itself the result of objective circumstances over which diplomats have limited control. Mr. Dulles would have it seem as though our secretaries of state have been very dull fellows who did not know that bluffs are sometimes called. The truth is that our secretaries of state had to participate in the scramble for concessions in China after Great Britain and Japan had already preëmpted the most strategic positions of privilege and power. They have tried to safeguard the present and potential interests of American capitalism in the Far East by such means as they found at hand. It is true that they had to back down from time to time, sometimes at the cost of considerable loss of

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prestige in the process. But, what is more important, they never backed down to such a point that they could not try again as occasion arose.

American capitalism has not surrendered Asia to Japan because it cannot afford to take such a step. It cannot mortgage the future to the present at a price that makes redemption impossible. The struggle for markets grows more, rather than less, intense and no imperialist power can afford to sacrifice the greatest potential market in the world without a struggle.

It is not only a matter of economic interest. The relationship of forces between the fascist and the democratic powers is also involved. Any strengthening of Japan strengthens the whole fascist front. Japan's conquest of Manchuria inspired Italy's conquest of Ethiopia and the Italo-German invasion of Spain. The fascist powers aim to grow more powerful, primarily at the expense of the Soviet Union, but they are also potential threats and present rivals to such capitalist powers as France, Great Britain, and the United States. In the struggle for colonies, fascist Germany looks longingly at the British empire. In the struggle for trade, Japan has begun to give the United States keen competition in the markets of South America. Germany has already ousted the United States as chief trader with Brazil. It is not a settled question whether the fascists will be able to swing the democratic powers over to a united front against the Soviet Union. The last word in this respect will be said by the masses, for the people are strong enough, provided they are united, to decide the issue against the fascist front. Meanwhile, the democratic powers can little afford to permit the fascists to grow powerful at their expense.

Mr. Dulles's advice of withdrawal and surrender is unrealistic because it disregards the objective forces which are bound to keep the United States in the Far Eastern arena. His advice has not been followed because it does not come to grips with the real economic and political forces which have driven American imperialism into the Far East. The problem before the American people is the *nature* of American involvement, not whether there should be any involvement at all. Those who counsel withdrawal are butting their heads against historical forces which are rooted in economics rather than whims.

It is not enough to say that our government has failed to exert enough force to carry out its threats. When Great Britain was a close ally of Japan, it was not possible to muster enough force against both. American imperialism was forced to mark time, meanwhile keeping the record clear for future occasions when the alignment of forces might be more favorable. Indeed, Mr. Dulles recognizes no difference between the pre-war and post-war periods and treats every situation in the same way. Today, however, the Soviet Union can be counted on to protect China's independence, Britain's traditional ties with Japan appear badly shaken, and the Chinese

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people are no longer disunited. The problem of force takes on a distinctly different aspect when it is applied collectively against an aggressor to safeguard the victim of aggression from its application by one imperialist against another for possession of the victim. American imperialism cannot maintain its trade with China unless China is free and independent. In this sense, Chinese independence can profit from an imperialist antagonism of long standing.

Mr. Dulles's book is important at this time, for it evokes a consideration of the questions which are central to America's role in the present war in China. That his own achievement is less than his promise may be less important than that he made the attempt in a systematic and serious way.

THEODORE DRAPER.

Brief Review

THE RAINS CAME, *by Louis Bromfield. Harper & Bros.* $2.75.

Louis Bromfield is one of the most polished of our popular novelists. His characters are filled with the stuff of fairy tales, but they look like life, and within these bounds he writes with taste, imagination, and genuine literary style. And so his India, which is the background of this novel, is not the India of British imperialism, but it is an India of struggle, the heroes in this case being the cultured and educated Indians and the villains the fanatic priests, while the British government merely looks on with calm disapproval.

The story itself is one of tangled loves. There is a touching picture of two middle-aged spinsters; another of a sensitive daughter of bigoted missionaries; a third of an English titled lady with designs upon a handsome Indian surgeon. Toward the middle of the book there comes an earthquake, followed by floods and plague. Half the characters are killed, and the rest of the story might be termed "soul regeneration." By far the best part of the long book is the first half, which might just as well have taken place in Sauk Center, Ill., and which has some sections of first class novel writing. The whole thing is very readable, however, offering not a great deal to the mind but avoiding on the whole any insult to the intelligence.

W. S.

★

Recently Recommended Books

To Have and Have Not, by Ernest Hemingway. Scribner's. $2.50.

The Labor Spy Racket, by Leo Huberman. Modern Age. 35c.

New Writing, edited by John Lehmann. Knopf. $2.75.

Night at Hogwallow, by Theodore Strauss. Little, Brown. $1.25.

Famine, by Liam O'Flaherty. Random House. $2.50.

Reconstruction: The Battle for Democracy, by James S. Allen. International. $1.25.

If War Comes, by R. Ernest Dupuy and George Fielding Eliot. Macmillan. $3.

When China Unites, by Harry Gannes. Knopf. $2.50.

. . . *And Spain Sings. Fifty Loyalist Ballads.* Edited by M. J. Bernadete and Rolfe Humphries. Vanguard. $1.

Men Who Lead Labor, by Bruce Minton and John Stuart. Modern Age Books. 35c. Book Union selection.

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SIGHTS AND SOUNDS

New films in foreign languages—Jooss and Kreutzberg open the dance season—A murder-mystery play

ONCE more a group of foreign-language films now being exhibited in New York City are superior (in dramatic values and intentions) to the Hollywood products. At the Squire is the Yiddish film, *Green Fields* (Garrison Film), at the Cameo *In the Far East* (Amkino), a Soviet picture of great topical interest, and at the 55th Street Playhouse *Club de Femmes* (Mayer & Burnstyn), which is a well-made and slightly sensational French essay on illicit love affairs, illegitimate babies, Lesbianism, and other by-products of the *genre*.

If it does nothing but establish the fact that it is possible to make good Yiddish-language films based on Jewish folklore and Jewish life in America, *Green Fields*, the first production of a new independent unit (Collective Producers), is an important motion picture. It has been to the great shame of Hollywood that the Jews along with other national groups have been for so many years the subject of ridicule. The so-called "Jewish" productions, produced independently, have been just as bad in their own way. Jewish films from abroad (the Soviet Union has of course been the exception) have all been in the *Yiddle with the Fiddle* class. *Green Fields* is no example of great cinematic achievement. But at least the producers have translated the work of a famous Jewish writer. It is the story of a Talmudic student in czarist Russia who leaves the temple and goes out into the world to search for Truth and to learn the ways of real people. A sub-theme is the romance between this timid scholar and the daughter of a Jewish peasant. The film is a little slow in getting started, but once it does, it manages to convey a great deal of charm, sincerity, and depth of feeling. Jacob Ben-Ami, who played the leading role in the stage version of this film, directed it. It is his second venture into the cinema (a few years ago he directed *The Wandering Jew*), but he doesn't seem to have learned much from his experience. The cast is composed of members of the Artef and Jewish Art Theater. Compared to the good qualities of the film the point of criticism may seem undesirable. Just because *Green Fields* is as good as it is, these faults become important.

In the Far East is not a great Soviet film, but it is a good one. I make this point because most of our film reviewers seem to forget that good films can come from the Soviet studios. If a Soviet film does not measure up to their critical standard (which is usually *Potemkin, Chapayev,* or some other film of the same caliber), then it simply doesn't merit attention, or it falls into the dubious classification known as "propaganda."

In the Far East is a topical melodrama based on a story that concerns wreckers, Japanese spies, and Trotskyites in Siberia near the Manchurian border. While the film may not be as skillfully thought out and executed as the greater films, it shows signs of a great deal of serious thought and hard work. It also shows that the makers knew what they wanted their film to say. The acting is of a very high standard. In spite of very many technical defects there is nothing banal about the film. With the exception of R.K.O.'s *Stage Door,* there isn't a single current Hollywood product that can measure up to it.

Banality and mediocrity are the current style. This includes such a wide variety of films as *Alcatraz Island* (Warner Bros.), which is supposed to be a realistic film about America's most terrifying prison; *The Great Garrick* (Warner Bros.), based on the life of the famous English actor, which succeeds in being a romantic bore; *Life Begins in College* (20th Century-Fox) which is full of the Ritz brothers at their worst and is inordinately Zanuck in its vulgarity and chauvinism; *The Bride Wore Red* (M.G.M.), a phony Hungarian idyll with Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone; and last but not least *The Perfect Specimen* (Warner Bros.), an American Cinderella tale in the typical *Saturday Evening Post* manner, with that darling of the Warner Bros. publicity staff, Errol Flynn, of course "the perfect specimen."

PETER ELLIS.

THE DANCE

THE Broadway dance season was opened by two Germans, Kurt Jooss and Harald Kreutzberg, a morbid study in contrasts and comparisons. Kreutzberg lives in Vienna; he participated this last summer in the Nazi festivities at the Paris Exposition. Jooss and his ballet troupe are settled in Dartington Hall, England—exiles. Kreutzberg dances trifles, such as *Dance Through the Streets, Tango at Midnight,* or returns to the *Greek Theater;* Jooss repeats his own brand of trivia: *Johann Strauss, Tonight!, A Ball in Old Vienna,* or turns nostalgic in the *Prodigal Son.* From neither camp is direction or hope for the contemporary dance to be gained. Both Kurt Jooss and Harald Kreutzberg are bogged in a blind alley; Jooss because he has not been able to draw the proper lessons from reality or even cope with it, Kreutzberg because he escapes it.

Sid Gotcliffe

Jooss falls into muddled thinking. *The Mirror,* an unfortunate sequel to Jooss's keen satire on backroom diplomacy, *The Green Table,* depicts the world saved from conflict and confusion by the arm-in-arm collaboration of labor, the leisure class, and the middle class. Obviously, choreography can be no less muddled than the thinking that makes it, and *The Mirror* is a completely arbitrary composition in design as well as in character and dramatic development.

The *Prodigal Son* is for all purposes an exile's attempt to discover an orientation in universal and basic truths by way of universal legends. It fails, of course, because Kurt Jooss is unable to understand the real issues involved even in his own unfortunate situation.

Harald Kreutzberg is evidently less concerned. He has added new pieces of theatrical nonsense to his repertory: *Barcarole—Tempo di Ballo* and *Vagabond's Song,* without adding to his stature; a sentimentally inept *Romantic;* and four episodes from the Greek (*Orpheus's Lament for Eurydice* and three scenes from the *Oresta of Aeschylus*) which, despite very patient and almost painful analysis, fail to yield contemporary meaning—such as is to be found, for example, in Thomas Mann's *Joseph and his Brethren* or Heinrich Mann's *Young Henry of Navarre.*

If the return to the past is not for the sake of themes suitable to contemporary variation, then it must be purely for the sake of escape, escape from reality—and in the case of Kreutzberg, who circulates among the fascist camps, the escape is thoroughly understandable. It is remarkable that an artist is at all able to work in such an atmosphere of cultural, not to speak of political, oppression. And Kreutzberg has been proving these last couple of years that in any case such work cannot be carried on for any length of time with any sort of vitality.

It's quite true that Kreutzberg has never appeared to better advantage technically. He leaps and whirls elegantly, and has considerable delicacy of movement, but his work is

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sentimental or else emotionally cold and devoid of all but illustrative value. And what he has to say to an audience has little human interest and less importance.

OWEN BURKE.

THE THEATER

IN TWO respects *Angel Island,* the murder-mystery play by Bernie Angus which George Abbott has godfathered, is below the accepted standards for whodunit drama. First, it pours its characters onstage so fast in Act I, Scene 1, that the audience is forced to resort to whispered consultations on a mass scale in order to keep abreast of who's who and why. Second, the denouement unreels so fast that the final curtain is coming down before the audience has had a chance to recover from the shock of the last salutary rifle shot. A minor demerit is that the ingenue's bedroom, with the purest intent in the world, is the crossroads of as much traffic as Grand Central station, so that the ghost of self-mockery begins to haunt the play. These lapses from the norm of good murder-mystery drama and George Abbott finesse caused mutterings in the ranks of the fans, but just the same there are some respects in which *Angel Island* is several cuts above the average good whodunit. For one thing, it has plentiful humor of a fresh quality in place of the usual standardized comic relief; for another, the lifeless characters and set situations which curse most mystery plays are here replaced by dramatic and human life on several occasions. Something Mr. Abbott could do would be to place that artificial moon of his so that its reflection would not blind his audience every time the door to the terrace is opened —which, murder-mystery plays being what they are, is practically every minute.

A. T.

John Heliker

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(Times given are Eastern Standard, but all programs listed are on coast-to-coast hookups)

Mme. H. H. Kung. The wife of the Chinese minister of finance and acting premier of China will speak from Shanghai about the war, Thurs., Oct. 28, 6:45 p.m., C.B.S.

Arturo Toscanini. The maestro conducts the British Broadcasting Co. symphony orchestra in a Brahms program, Sat., Oct. 30, 3:30 p.m., N.B.C. red; and again, on Wed., Nov. 3, 3:15 p.m., N.B.C. blue.

Palestine. Morgan Jones, member of the British parliament, speaks on "A Member of Parliament Looks at the Palestine Petition," Sat., Oct. 30, 9 p.m., N.B.C. red.

"Sweep." Columbia Workshop presents an original drama dealing with the people who just missed winning prizes in the Irish Sweepstakes, Sun., Oct. 31, 8 p.m., C.B.S.

George Bernard Shaw. The British playwright speaks from London on "As I See It," Tues., Nov. 2, 4:20 p.m., N.B.C. blue.

The Far East. America's Town Meeting of the Air features prominent speakers who will discuss America and the Far Eastern situation, Thurs., Nov. 4, 9:30 p.m., N.B.C. blue.

Norway and the World Crisis. Foreign Minister Koht of Norway presents his country's view of the world crisis, Fri., Nov. 5, 10:45 p.m., C.B.S.

Negro Education Week. Dr. J. C. Wright, assistant commissioner for vocational education, and President Whittaker of South Carolina College will speak on the importance of Negro education, Wed., Nov. 10, 2:30 p.m., N.B.C. blue.

Concert Music. The Philharmonic Symphony Society of N. Y. with John Barbirolli conducting, Sun., Oct. 31, 3 p.m., C.B.S. Guy Fraser Harrison conducts the Rochester Civic Orchestra Mon., Nov. 1, 3 p.m. and Tues., Nov. 2, 1:45 p.m., while Jose Iturbi takes over the baton Thurs., Nov. 4, 9 p.m., all N.B.C blue. The N.B.C. Music Guild plays lesser known compositions of great composers, Tues., Nov. 2, 2:30 p.m., N.B.C. blue. Dr. Walter Damrosch conducts the music appreciation hour, Fri., Nov. 5, 2 p.m., N.B.C. red and blue. The San Francisco Opera Co. presents *Lohengrin* with Kirsten Flagstad and Lauritz Melchior, Fri., Nov. 5, 12 midnight, N.B.C. red.

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Stage Door. The film version of the Kaufman-Ferber play is a rather sensitive and intelligent film of life in a theatrical boarding house.

Heart of Spain. Frontier Films' documentary on medical aid to Spain has been rightly called "pictorial dynamite."

100 Men and a Girl. Deanna Durbin and Leopold Stokowski contribute pleasant entertainment to a slight story about unemployed musicians.

PLAYS

The Outlaw (Artef, N. Y.). A somewhat thin story of a Jewish Robin Hood brilliantly and wittily presented under Benno Schneider's unmatched direction.

Susan and God. Rachel Crother's amusing comedy, improved by the appearance of Gertrude Lawrence, comes very near the level of brilliant satire.

The Star Wagon (Empire, N. Y.). Maxwell Anderson's warm slice of Americana, fuzzy ideologically but greatly helped by Burgess Meredith, Lillian Gish, and Russell Collins.

A Hero Is Born (Adelphi, N. Y.). Theresa Helburn's extravaganza from an Andrew Lang story. A jolly job of fairy-tale satire by the W.P.A. theater.

"GOINGS-ON"

MEMO: Keep November 14th open! Great ANNA SOKOLOW and Dance unit in their debut at Guild Theatre. Make your reservations now at New Masses office, 31 East 27th Street. Tickets: 55c—$2.20.

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A. W. BERRY speaks on **"From Negro Reformism to Internationalism"** on Sat. afternoon, Oct. 30, 2:30 p.m. Workers School Forum, 2nd fl., 35 E. 12 St. Adm. 25c.

COMING: MERRY-GO-ROUND" on Armistice Eve. at the Savoy, 140th Street and Lenox Avenue. Auspices: Harlem Prof. Guild.

ELI SEIGMEISTER of Downtown Music School will speak on Beethoven's Third Symphony. Workers' Bookshop, 50 E. 13th St., Friday, October 29, 3 p. m. The Eroica will be played. Admission free.

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MARC BLITZSTEIN SOLO PERFORMANCE "The Cradle Will Rock" followed by Halloween Party, Sunday, October 31, 5 p. m., 4 West 18th Street. Ausp.: Downtown Music School. Sub.: 25 cents.

WILL GEER & HERTA WARE plus additional entertainment, dancing and refreshments. Sat., Oct. 30th. Aus.: Waterfront Comm. Sub.: 35c. 141 E. 29th St.

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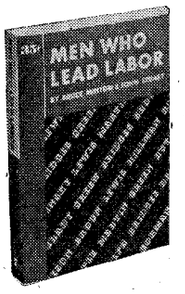

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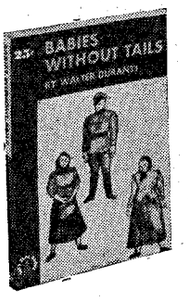

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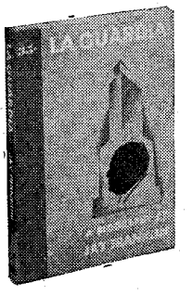

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